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Vol. CCVII, No. 2704
DECEMBER 8, 1951

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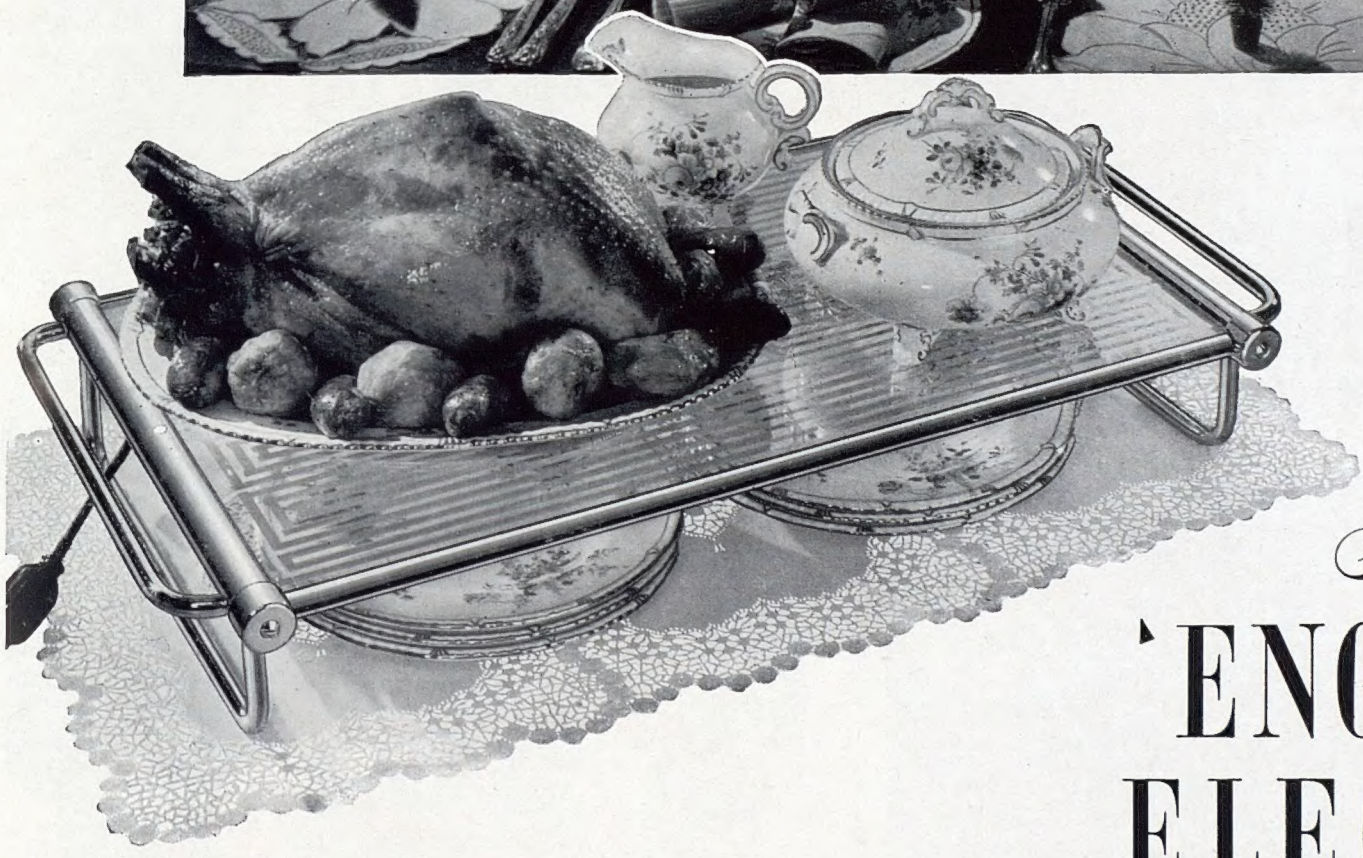

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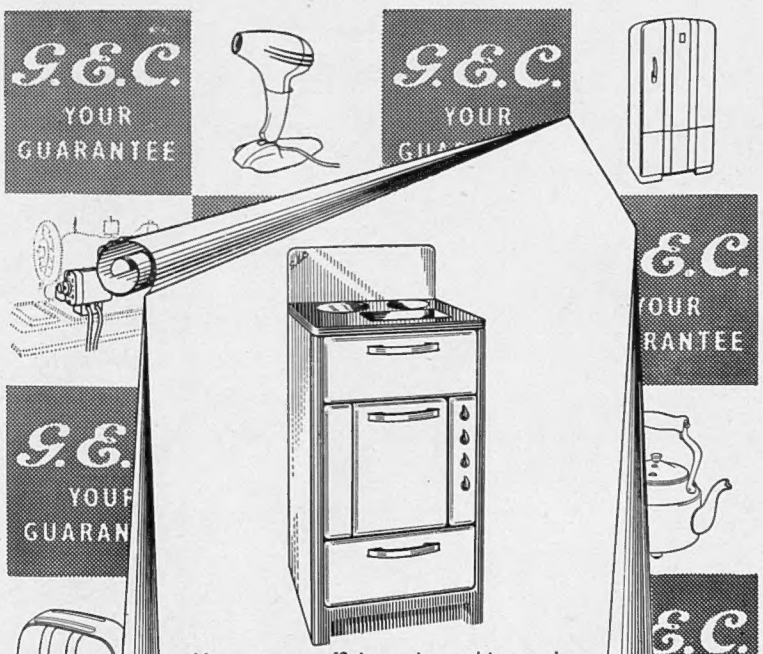

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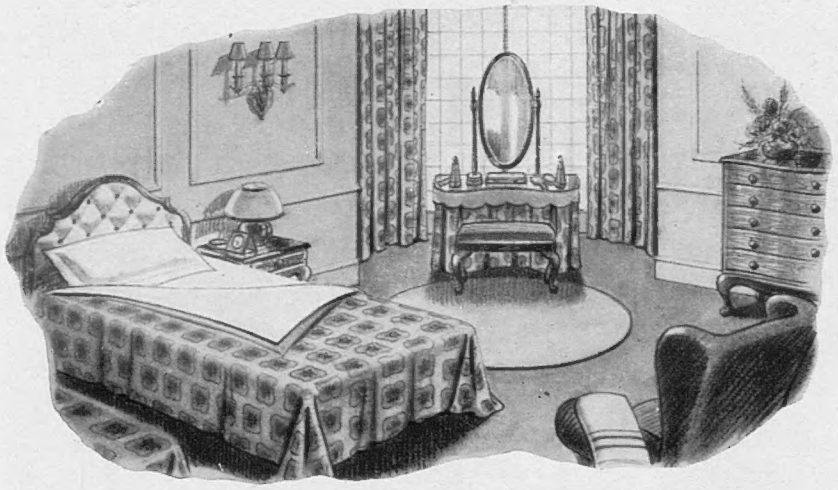

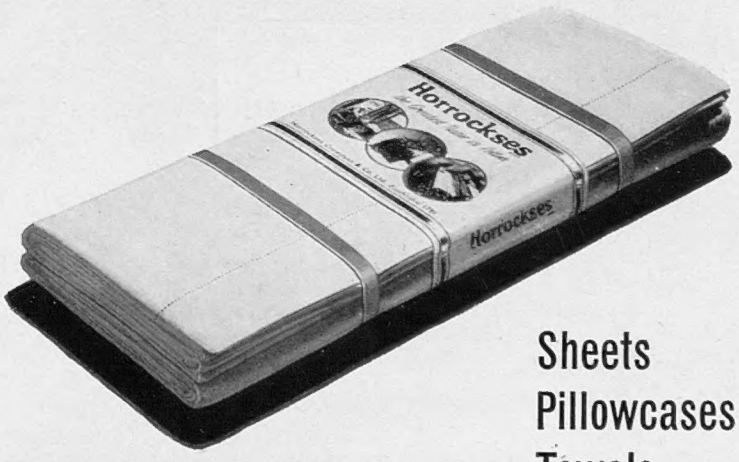

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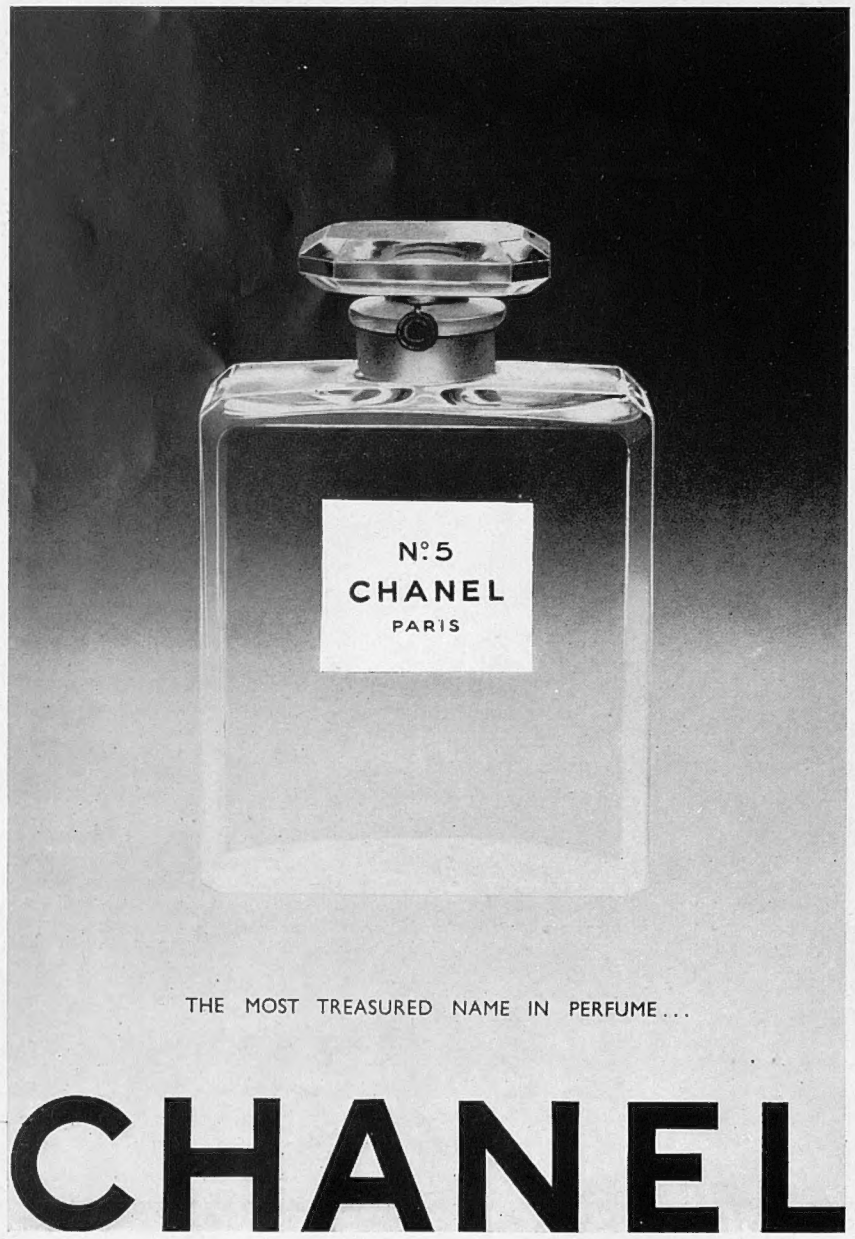

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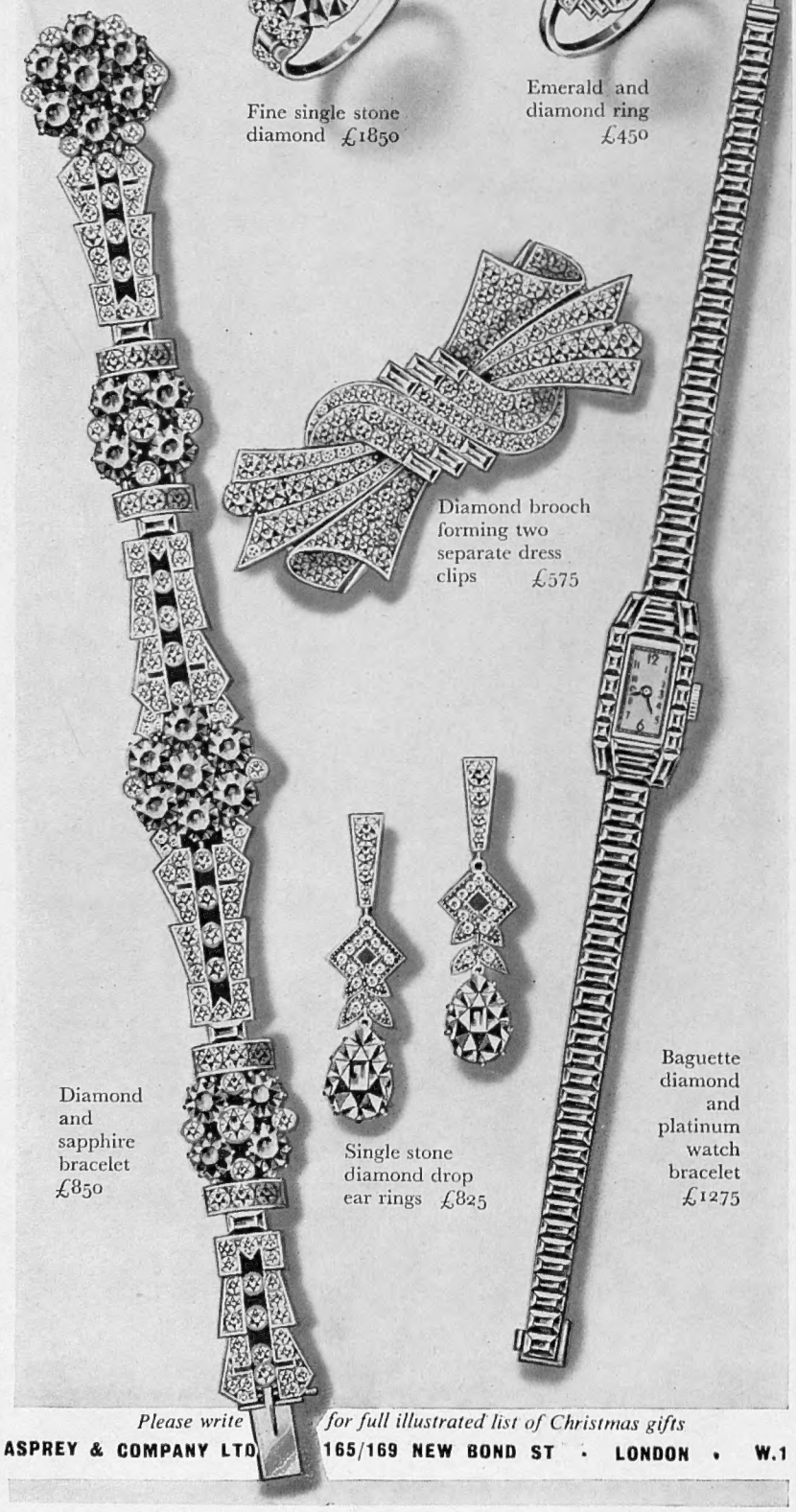

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Volume CCVII No. 2704 The SPHERE, London, December 8, 1951

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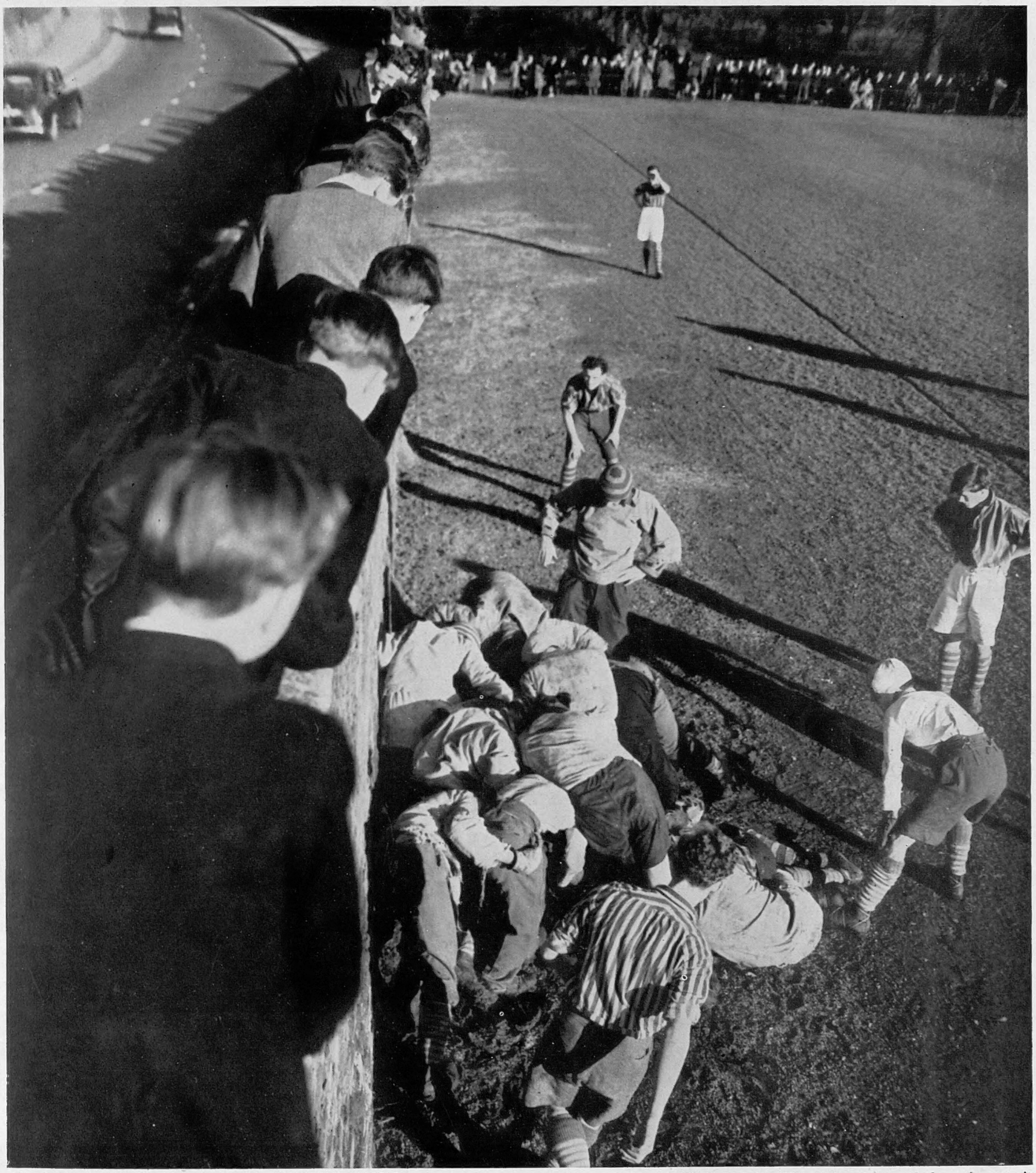
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



COLLEGERS AND OPPIDANS FIGHT THEIR ANNUAL BATTLE—THE WALL GAME IN PROGRESS ON ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT ETON: Spectators watch from the summit of the wall, with cars running along the road behind them and the players struggling beneath them. The game was comparatively disappointing as there was no score and neither side ever reached Calx. Often there is no score for several years in succession.

This year's match between the Collegers and Oppidans was the 111th in the series, and it only differed from some of its predecessors by reason of the fact that the grass was bright green instead of a sea of glutinous mud. This annual battle on St. Andrew's Day is always a great attraction for Etonians and Old Etonians alike. For outsiders the game is certainly a spectacle, but not a very intelligible one. From time to time the College authorities have attempted to explain the rules for the benefit of the uninitiated, and on one occasion they noted that "besides using brute force, a wall or second may place his fist gently against an opposing face and then by torsion and pressure produce as much pain as is feasible. No man, however, may deliberately strike, strangle, smother or jump on an opponent." Towards the end of this latest encounter the College tried to open up the game, but their opponents drove them back with great resolution, cheered on by the enthusiastic spectators lining the summit of the wall.

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GENERAL EISENHOWER ADDRESSES THE ATLANTIC COUNCIL IN ROME: In his speech the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in Europe re-emphasised his conversion to the idea of a European Army without which, he declared, Western European defence could never be anything but a stalemate. General Eisenhower criticised the fact that there was still an inclination to look upon command positions as matters of prestige.

PERSONALITIES AT THE EUROPEAN ASSEMBLY IN STRASBOURG: Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, of Great Britain, seen with Mr. Smitt Ingebretsen, of Norway, and the chief interpreter, Mr. Kaminker. Sir David made an official declaration of policy while at Strasbourg, revealing that Britain had not closed the door to the idea of joining a European Army.

THE VISHINSKYS IN PARIS: The Soviet Foreign Minister and his wife at the Comédie Française with members of the cast of Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Last Friday Mr. Vishinsky surprised the United Nations with a declaration that he would accept an atomic control body free of the veto.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC RECEIVES THE MINISTER FROM THE HASHEMITE KINGDOM OF JORDAN: President Auriol shaking hands with Prince Abdul Mejid Haidar, who presented his credentials at the Elysée and was received with the customary ceremony.

ROME, STRASBOURG AND PARIS

Focus On Three European "Political" Capitals

A London Newsletter

INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Korea.—The first step to an armistice in Korea is perhaps the step which *counts*. Certainly it could not have been harder to take or longer to achieve. Months and mouths have worn themselves out in fixing that line, which is only tentative and conditional on many other steps. Still, it is *something*, a welcome achievement. We cannot hope to know the mind of the Communists of North Korea; we cannot expect them to believe in our aims. Intelligence and propaganda services consume millions of money every year, but they tell us less than we could learn half-a-century ago of the intentions and conditions in the "enemy camps" of that day and convey less to the enemy than we could formerly do through diplomatic channels. Why is it so? I suppose because God has hardened the hearts of the nations, blinded their eyes and stopped their ears, and only national needs and aims matter in this age of non-stop international conferences. But common sense, I suppose, still recognises that international agreement may sometimes best serve national aims, at any rate in smaller matters and locally. In Korea, the objects of the costly and fierce fighting had long since faded. The Communists knew that they could not hope to clean up South Korea, the U.N. had long since abandoned any idea of cleaning up or holding the north. For months valuable lives and treasure have been wasted in killing and suffering, while the rival spokesmen sought an acceptable formula with which to admit what both sides had long known and to end this tragedy of obstinacy. When armistice is in the air, the heart goes out of fighting, and the sickening tragedy of war casualties is doubled in the no-man's land between *war à outrance* and cease-fire.

N.A.T.O.—American industrial-production experts have in recent years visited our factories and given hints how our production could be stepped up and its costs cut by scrapping antiquated machinery and methods and *memories*. And now some leading politicians in the U.S. think the time has come similarly to ginger-up production in the European and international word-factories. U.N.O., N.A.T.O., What-o and So-and-So and all the other subsidiary phrase-and-formula factories—as you and I and Eisenhower and Acheson and Harriman and, I dare say, Churchill and Eden have come to feel—need new machinery and a deal of scrapping of what is antiquated and redundant. This branch of international industry needs a new spirit and new management. A Foreign Secretary has become a bird of passage between capital and capital, a commercial traveller in words. His home office and Parliament seldom see him. He is for ever speaking or listening in Babel and its lobby suburbs. Every speech takes thrice as long to be completed as one of similar length in a national Parliament, and a much larger proportion of international speeches are off the point even than at Westminster. The waste of the time and energy of European and Western statesmen on these wordy progresses is being even more clearly revealed by the barrenness of results and the absence of progress and achievement. It is not odd that the Americans should ask for a brisker tune by a rather more harmonious and willing orchestra; for they pay the pipers, largely, an1 the burden, even with their vast reserves, must be enormous.

Morris and Lord.—W. R. Morris beat his bicycle into a horseless carriage when I was at Oxford soon after Queen Victoria died. Leonard Lord later on became his draughtsman in the production of the new machine. Both are self-made men and very much individualists. And now the two huge organisations they control and direct have formed a vast combine akin to America's G.M. combine, and "you can count them on the road," the products of this colossal monopoly—to use a nefarious and inappropriate word. Wolseley, Austin, Riley, Morris spell warm, a very warm combination, and when next you drive fifty miles up to London, 80 per cent. of the cars you pass or meet will probably have been turned out by the combine. Combine, not monopoly. A combine with the nasty profits-motive knocked out, a combine to make more possible the prayers and entreaties of the Socialist and the present Government, to step up still more the *export* drive, to bring us in much-needed dollars. And how about the British patrons who have for so long been faithful to Morris and Lord—more cars and cheaper cars? Not this side of Christmas 1960. The combine is a move in the struggle for existence, the nation's existence. If it bring more millions to Morris and Austin's, the State will take most of them. If it brings more cars off the assembly lines, foreigners will take all of them. So it follows that any Socialist who cries out at the scandal of a new combine on the U.S. pattern will be party-coloured.

Fuel Economy.—Nearly twenty years a I bought my present house—rather too large for m requirements to-day. It possessed a central-heati system, which it badly needs to-day, operated by moderate-sized boiler-stove; it had an antiquated pet engine for making electricity and a paraffin engine pumping up water. I modernised the last two servi with new crude-oil engines and put in modern grates coal burning in living-rooms. In the kitchen was an o fashioned range, for which we substituted a mode combustion cooking stove. An old-fashioned "donke supplied, and still sometimes supplies, hot-water requi ments. Main electricity being still a dream of the dist future, after twenty years of use my "new" batter are all worn out, and by the force of economic circu stances most of my new heating plants are all outwo The first to go was the central heating system, when modest requirements of 15 tons of anthracite a ye became impossible to obtain or pay for. A combusti stove in the central hall took its place, but it also had go. It required more anthracite than my full allocati allowed. Wood-burning stoves took the place of anth cite, but were found to be unsatisfactory, if continuou burned, owing to the furring of chimneys. The new co burning open grates became obsolete when household c disappeared and have ever since been unhappily fed w very small logs of wood. We fell back on oil-stoves a itinerant gas-radiators to supplement our feeble effo and maintain a "healthy" winter temperature of 57 d How are we heated to-day? By crude oil, by gas, by co by anthracite, by open wood and wood-combusti stoves, by paraffin, by methylated spirits. Are various appliances satisfactory? No. It is a full-ti job for one person to keep them going and we have fou that no sooner do we, on advice, install some new fo than the fuel which it requires is immediately withdra from circulation or doubled in price. I am reading t latest economy hints supplied by Authority. I recogn that I have always been too late for the bus. But, Vulcan, so have the planners.

KING TALAL OF JORDAN PAYS A STATE VISIT TO HIS NEIGHBOU KING IBN SAUD: The young King seen with the veter King in the Royal palace at Al Ryadh, the Saudi Arabia capital. During October King Talal made a pilgrimage t Mecca following the start of his reign. It is exactly fif years since Ibn Saud set out on his great mission to we the tribes of Arabia into one nation, and it is twent years since he formed the Arab kingdom of Saudi Arabi

Opposing Economies.—The Opposition, in m opinion, has hitherto played the game in Parliament vital matters concerning our economic and defence nee and generally on foreign policy. Parliament has work as it is meant to work, and can sometimes work in ve critical times, even under a two-party system and a nea stalemate. In matters of more oblique importance, one two critics of the Government have perhaps revealed t weaknesses of petulance, even the ex-Chancellor. In 19 I could not conceive that any Socialist in office or Parliament would scoff at "gesture" reductions Ministerial salaries or in economy in the maintenance "pool" cars, or in any other form of "cheeseparing except on benefits for the "workers." That surely wou be the sort of thing you would expect of a "fine old Tory an "aristocrat." How wrong was that judgment! T Tory pares the cheese, the Socialist scorns such middl class parsimony and describes such economies as chick food.

Peace and European Army.—With humili I confess it. I am so ignorant or muddle-minded abo the origins of N.A.T.O. that I have kept silence ev from good words. I have observed and commented on t present tremendous drive by rival word-factories exploring the avenues for the means of some increas production in the articles of peace, a drive which kee the chief Ministers of the chief nations perpetually out their own countries, travelling from conference to co ference across the world, to Paris, to Rome, to Strasbour not to speak of Korea and Malaya. Their countries, the Parliaments, their offices, need them, but perhaps som thing will come of their discussions somewhere and w shall be able to say: "They were doing better wor abroad." I hope so. They are certainly seeking peac

the most valuable treasure on earth; and until that treasure is won, no doubt N.A.T.O., the word-factory which tries to turn out weapons of defence, is not the least important, and N.A.T.O. has me beat. In my ignorance, I thought the idea of N.A.T.O. was conceived, or largely so, in the mind of a great English statesman, a fine conception of safeguarding peace or, at least, discouraging world-war by international co-operation in defence, implying the surrender of national or narrow aims and sovereignty to the supreme ideal of integrated defence on a European scale under supra-national direction. I am reminded of the story of the Yeomanry subaltern drilling his troop before the inspector of cavalry in pre-war days. He "drilled" them into a rabble at the edge of the cliffs on the South Downs and then, despairing of finding a formula which would extricate them, he yelled "Sort yourselves, you ——, if you can," and set off at a gallop to the horse-lines. Perhaps that yeomanry memory is too strong to be apt on this occasion, but the puzzle remains. I comprehend some of our commitments and trusteeships, I realise their complexity and bulk. We can easily denude ourselves of our trained remnants in this island to meet one single threat in the Canal Zone. But we can't be both European and extra-European. And if we are the latter, our advice to Europe can carry little weight, and our own answer to N.A.T.O.'s requirements provides the very best excuse for France and Germany to press their own national claims and anxieties. Am I wrong in thinking that we had something to do with the birth of N.A.T.O.? Alternatively, if we had a hand in it, did we always reserve our own right to sovereignty? Or, lastly, is the idea of surrender of sovereignty in the defence of Europe already stone-dead? No European nation can doubt, on our past record, that we will march with them and fight loyally with them, in the defence of freedom, but if we insist on our own weapons, our own commanders, and on national control over our own industrial production and resources, why do we send our statesmen wandering over Europe to advise European nations to forget their national aims and pool their sovereignties? Surely they would be better employed in London?

London's Birds.—When my grandfather first came to London from Ireland as a youth (as he would relate), Belgravia was a famous place for snipe. It was the "Five Fields" then, an area of swamp and thieves' shacks before Cubitt scraped it of its clay to build Belgrave and other Squares. It pleases me to learn from the Rowland Ward Exhibition that the snipe still sometimes probes the Thames mud in outer Belgravia. I already knew that the Zion House Heronry ranges as far down as Chelsea. The kestrel is not uncommon over London; I often heard the jay and the spotted woodpecker near Holland House, and there is no need to mention the wood-pigeon. Certainly waterfowl find no terrors in London; they stage their way north or south on St. James's Park water as willingly as on a Norfolk Broad; pochard, tufted and golden-eye, and many another breed. There is no recent record of the buzzard in London, I believe. He grows more and more common in the Home Counties. Shooting last week until after sundown, I enjoyed the sight of a pair, circling and calling low over my head. I very often watch them at "higher levels" in Sussex.

The Home Guard.—The Home Guard is to be re-embodied or re-established. It is "back to the Army again, Sergeant," or back to the road-blocks, for many a retired Army officer and other militarily inclined male who frets for more romantic and picturesque work than is offered at his desk, his small garden or his allotment. The "denims" of the old L.D.V. are long since in the rag-bag. His khaki battledress was for years laid up in moth-ball against another day. Alas! many such uniforms, stripped of medal-ribbons, were thrown at last into civilian use to meet the austerity of the day. My own, among them, still does duty when it is necessary to muck out the pig-stye or the hen-house or creosote the sheds. No cleaner's apparatus could repair the damage now. A new uniform? That, I fear, must await the Greek Kalends or the Red invasion. And other notes of interrogation block its timeous issue. Age limit, for example, of fire-eating applicants. Shall I be too old at sixty, at sixty-five, at seventy? I fear it. The C.D. authorities (at any rate, the police) regard sixty as the limit; yet we had some stout comrades of seventy or more in the late troubles. I await the development with patience. I have one haunting fear that this re-embodiment of the H.G. will begin (and for long end) with the establishment in commodious local quarters of a large number of beautifully turned-out and be-tabbed Staff Officers, furnished with typists and plenty of stationery, and that the paper war or snowstorm will begin again.

THE OLD STAGER

"WITH BEST WISHES"

IT is of course high time to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal gift.

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AT THE HEIGHT OF THE RHONE VALLEY FLOODS: The township of Caderouse, near Orange, in the Vaucluse, is seen in this aerial view completely isolated by the floodwaters of the great river, the township itself being saved from inundation only because of its ancient ramparts. The material damage in the Rhone Valley has been considerable. The main railway line from Lyons to Marseilles was cut over a distance of 700 yards at a point where it crosses the newly-dug canal which will bring water to the Donzere-Mondragon hydro-electric power station. In the far south, in the delta country of the Camargue, the rice-fields are now said to be ruined, and the loss is estimated at more than £1,000,000. Last week one-third of Vaucluse was under water.

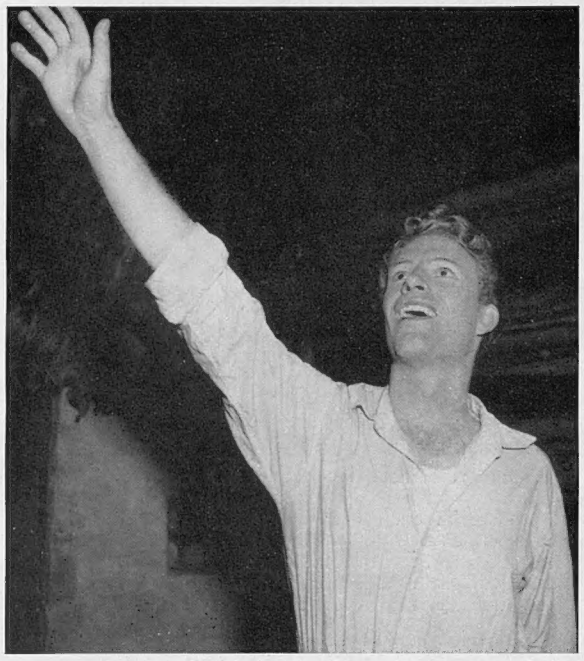
DR. HJALMAR SCHACHT, THE FORMER REICH FINANCIAL EXPERT, VISITS ISRAEL: Dr. Schacht, who was on his way back to Hamburg from Indonesia, is seen talking to Israeli newsmen on his arrival at Lydda. Many Jewish journalists refused to interview him, declaring that "a man who for a considerable time helped Hitler, and therefore has to be regarded as co-responsible for the Nazi regime," should not be addressed when on Israeli soil.

RUSSIAN PRIESTS IN NEW YORK: Wearing white cloth masks to conceal their identity so that no reprisals can be made against their friends and families still behind the Iron Curtain, two Ukrainian priests hold a Press conference at the Hotel Statler in New York. The two priests said that the Communist campaign against the clergy in the Ukraine was "just about over," because almost all the priests have been killed, deported or driven underground. They said, further, that the Soviets had turned the Russian Church into a "vehicle for Communism."

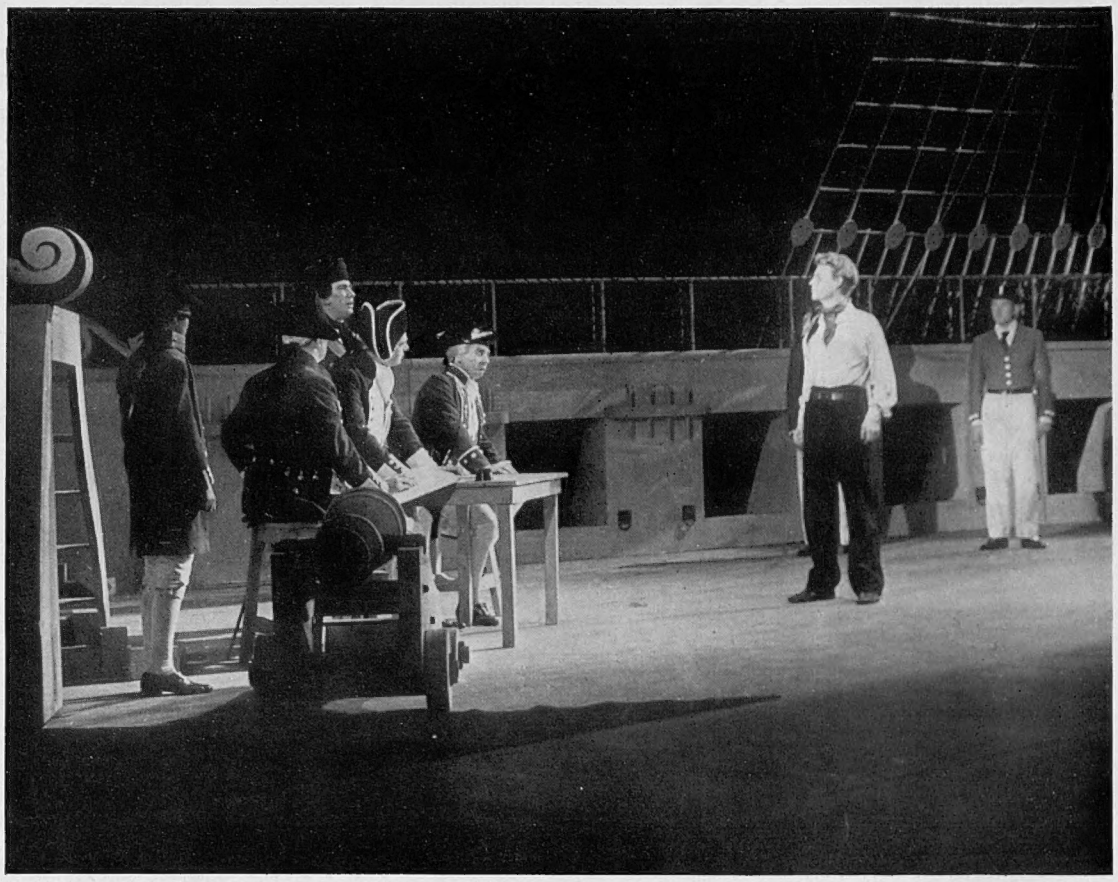
WOULD-BE ARCHITECTS OF KOREAN ARMISTICE—ADMIRAL JOY, CHIEF NEGOTIATOR FOR THE UNITED NATIONS, AND GENERAL MATTHEW RIDGWAY, THE UNITED NATIONS COMMANDER IN KOREA, SEEN TOGETHER DURING A RECENT MEETING ON THE EVE OF THE COMMUNIST AGREEMENT ON THE CEASE-FIRE LINE IN KOREA: It is now just over a year since 100,000 Chinese troops poured out of the hills 75 miles below the Yalu River in North Korea and at one blow brought to a conclusion the end-the-war offensive of General Douglas MacArthur. With that attack the Chinese Communists sought to drive the United Nations forces off the Korean Peninsula. They failed, and a costly stalemate ensued. Then came the first peace proposals from Jacob Malik in New York, and more months of negotiation followed. During those months the truce delegations expended millions of words, journeyed thousands of miles and exchanged hundreds of messages, while all the while the fighting went on, limited in extent, but savage and costly. Eventually the way was paved for agreement on the Korean cease-fire line, but at the time of writing the agenda again bristles with difficulties, which may prove insuperable. It is said that in the Korean fighting the Communists have suffered 1,068,000 battle casualties. American casualties exceed 100,000 and the number of American dead is nearly 17,000.

"BILLY BUDD"

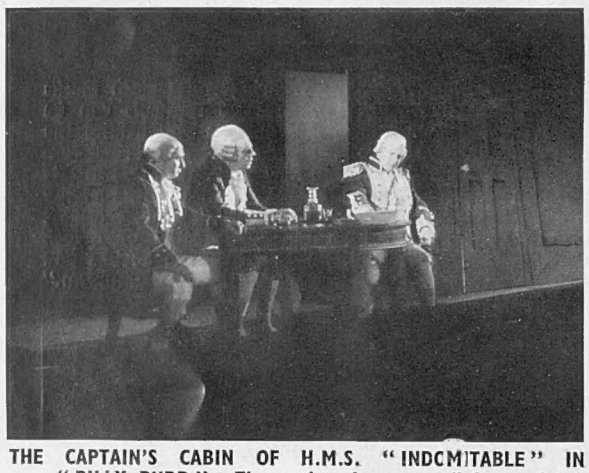
THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF BENJAMIN BRITTEN'S FIFTH OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN



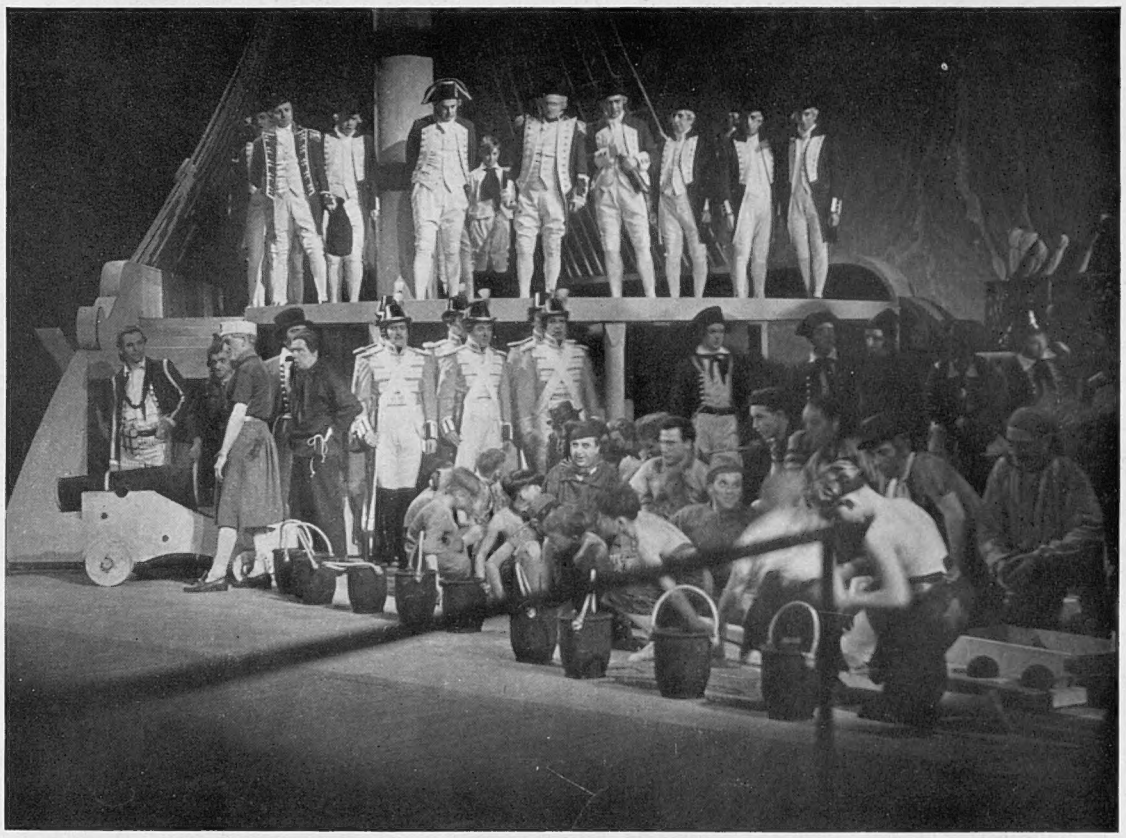
THEODOR UPPMAN, THE AMERICAN BARITONE WHO PLAYS THE TITLE ROLE IN BENJAMIN BRITTEN'S NEW OPERA "BILLY BUDD," AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: Mr. Uppman delighted the critics with his portrayal of the victimised Billy in this story of life in the Royal Navy soon after the Nore Mutiny. The first performance of *Billy Budd* last Saturday was at once hailed as the most important musical event in Britain since the war. Mr. Britten's vivacious and exacting score has been well served by E. M. Forster and Eric Crozier, the joint librettists. The subject comes from a story by Herman Melville, the author of *Moby Dick*. Billy, a cheerful young foretopman serving in H.M.S. *Indomitable*, draws upon himself the hatred of Claggart, the ship's master-at-arms, who hatches a plot to bring a charge of mutiny against him. Billy is faced with his accuser, strikes him dead, and is hanged for his crime. The opera was acclaimed a triumph by one of London's most distinguished audiences of the year.



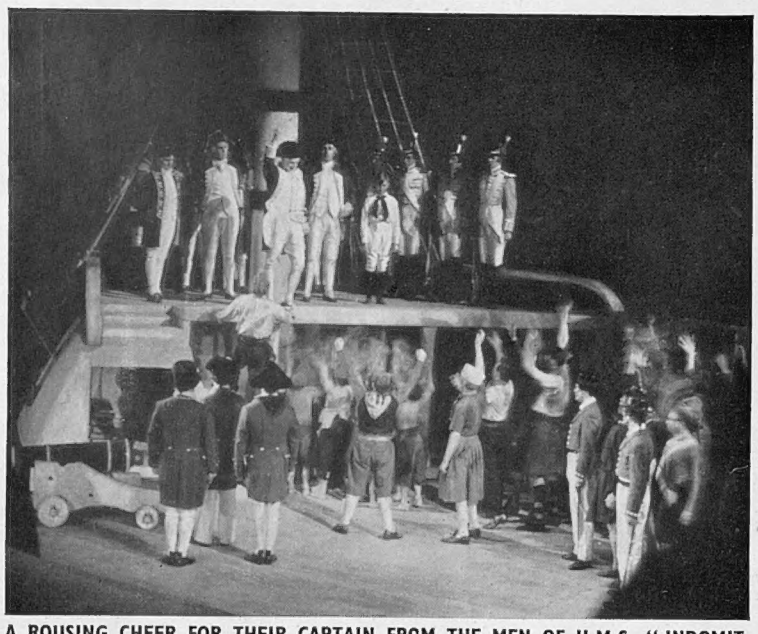
A SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF "BILLY BUDD": Billy (right), played by Theodor Uppman, enlists in H.M.S. *Indomitable*, where later he dies by hanging on being found guilty of murder. The opera is unique for its striking sets, designed by Mr. John Piper, on board an eighteenth-century British warship.



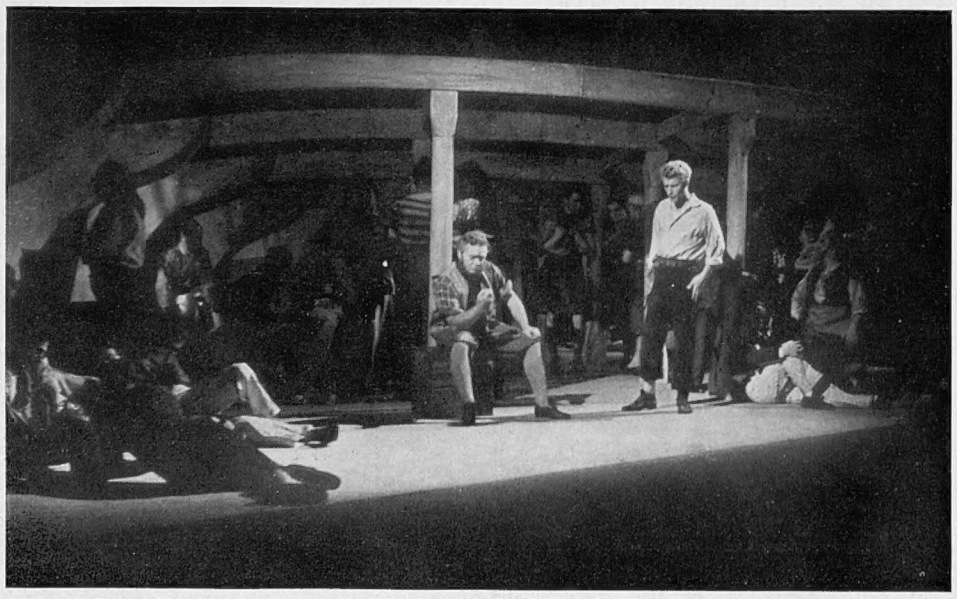
THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN OF H.M.S. "INDOMITABLE" IN "BILLY BUDD": The artists here are (left to right) Geraint Evans, as Mr. Flint; Hervey Alan, as Mr. Redburn; and Peter Pears, as Captain Starry Vere.



CAPTAIN VERE (MR. PETER PEARS), BEFORE THE MAST ON THE QUARTER-DECK, WATCHES HIS POWDER-MONKEYS AT WORK DURING THE OPERA'S BATTLE-SCENE: In a prologue and an epilogue Captain Vere, as an old man, meditates on the perennial problem of evil.



A ROUSING CHEER FOR THEIR CAPTAIN FROM THE MEN OF H.M.S. "INDOMITABLE": The composer's extraordinary knack of suggesting atmosphere was never more successful than in *Billy Budd*. The salty sea-tang, the lower-deck songs and dances, and the blood and sweat of life at sea in the eighteenth century are all superbly illustrated.



THE BERTH-DECK OF H.M.S. "INDOMITABLE"—ANOTHER OF MR. JOHN PIPER'S EXCELLENT SETTINGS: Theodor Uppman, in the title-role, stands on right. Seated (centre) is Inia Te Wiata, who takes the part of Dansker. *Billy Budd* is produced by Mr. Basil Coleman.

MADAME A. Y. MALIK, WIFE OF MR. JACOB MALIK, AND MADAME VISHINSKY, WIFE OF FOREIGN MINISTER ANDREI VISHINSKY, LISTENING TO THE DEBATE AT THE POLITICAL COMMITTEE OF THE UNITED NATIONS IN PARIS: They heard Mr. Vishinsky deliver a speech full of invective against the West, but ending in the dramatic announcement that his country would participate in the proposed sub-committee of the Big Four to reconcile the conflicting views on disarmament between East and West.

WITH THE VISHINSKYS IN PARIS

The Wives of the Soviet Delegates Listen to a Momentous Debate at the Political Committee of the United Nations

On left—
MR. VISHINSKY IN JOVIAL MOOD MEETS THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE OTHER POWERS IN PARIS: The Soviet Foreign Minister at the conference table, with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, of Great Britain, and M. Jules Moch, of France, facing him, and Mr. Phillip Jessup, of the United States, on his left hand. Between them sat Mr. Nervo, the President of the meeting, which apparently took place in an atmosphere of the utmost cordiality. Mr. Vishinsky's attitude in the sub-committee was in marked contrast to his intransigent approach in the Political Committee, and many close observers of the situation were of the opinion that a compromise on the disarmament question would prove very difficult indeed.

FIFTH AVENUE, LOOKING NORTH FROM 44TH STREET, DURING THE TEN-MINUTE AIR-RAID ALERT, WHEN CIVIL DEFENCE OFFICIALS ESTIMATED THAT 1,200,000 VEHICLES WERE STOPPED IN THE STREETS: A few minutes after the sirens started wailing over the boroughs of Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond, the city's busiest intersections were deserted by pedestrians. Buses, taxicabs and cars pulled up to the kerbs and discharged their passengers, who went to the nearest shelters. Occupants of offices went to designated shelters, and in all 8,000,000 took part in the alert designed to test the city's preparedness.

NEW YORKERS HEAR THE SIRENS' WAIL

THE CITY'S PREPAREDNESS FOR AIR-RAIDS IS TESTED DURING A TEN-MINUTE AIR-RAID ALERT

MANHATTAN SCHOOLCHILDREN TAKE SHELTER: Pupils of Public School No. 58, at the junction of 317 West and 52nd Street, gathered in the passageway during the ten-minute air-raid alert. The organisation of the civil defence precautions in New York schools is on an elaborate scale, the teachers having undergone courses in defence technique in recent months.

Last week New York staged its first daytime, city-wide air-raid drill. In the Second World War the city underwent black-out drills between dusk and dawn, but this latest effort was on a much more elaborate scale, with all citizens and visitors to the city being asked to co-operate in the elaborate measures designed by Mr. Arthur W. Wallander, the City's Director of Civil Defence. Mr. Wallander asked everyone to go to the shelters on hearing the "red signal," the warbling note on the city's sirens, and to remain there for ten minutes until hearing the "white," all-clear signal, consisting of three one-minute notes.

Augmenting the city's police and fire services in this well-staged drill were 332,000 civil defence volunteers, among them schoolteachers specially trained to take their pupils to shelter swiftly and without panic.

The civil defence volunteers were easily identified by their white helmets and their white armbands bearing the insignia of civil defence—a blue circle with a white triangle, in the centre of which the letters C.D. are imprinted.

In an effort to keep confusion to a minimum, business men co-operated with civil defence headquarters in working out drill procedures which would cause the minimum of inconvenience to the city's normal routine. Even so, millions of dollars must have been lost in man-hours during the ten-minute drill and the post-mortem period which followed it.

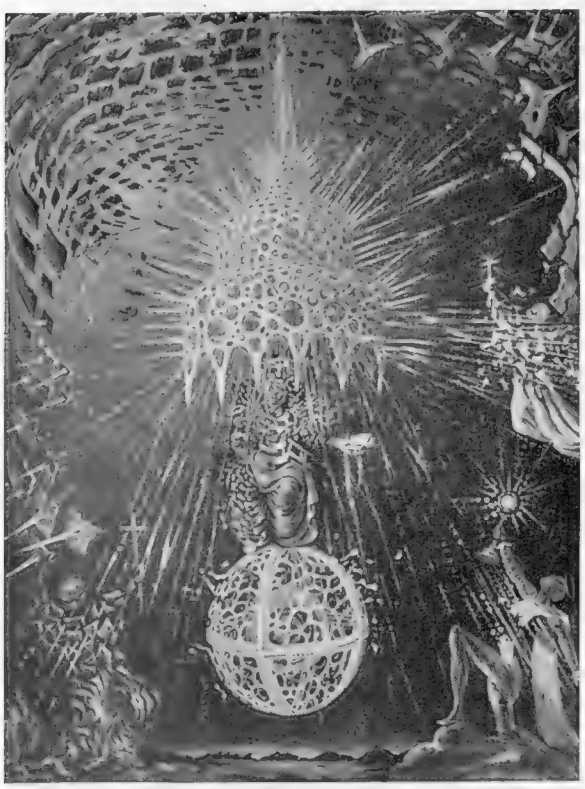
With the exception of vital services, such as the movement of emergency vehicles, the maintenance of electricity and telephone services, the city's life stopped completely from the moment the "red signal" sounded. Ferryboats on the Jersey shore and at Staten Island did not leave their slips for Manhattan until the all-clear sounded, and aircraft loading at the city's airports were similarly held. Incoming planes were allowed to land and their passengers were at once escorted to shelters. Cabbies were ordered by the taxicab companies to collect their fares when the alert sounded.

BEFORE AND DURING THE NEW YORK ALERT—TWO CONTRASTING PICTURES FROM TIMES SQUARE, MANHATTAN: *Left*—This view, looking south across the Square, was taken just before the "red signal"—a three-minute rising and falling blare from the sirens which told New Yorkers to seek shelter. *Right*—The same view after the sirens had sounded, showing traffic drawn up at the kerbs. The air-raid wardens on duty in Times Square directed all citizens to the shelters. Few people failed to comply with the wardens' requests.

THE BUSY SCENE ON THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE BEFORE THE WAIL OF THE SIRENS WAS HEARD IN THE CITY: A few minutes after this picture was taken the floor of the Exchange was completely deserted, as shown in the picture *below*, all the members having taken refuge in the near-by shelters. All business in New York came to a standstill during the mock raid, and at the City Hall the Municipal Council suspended its session, the members taking refuge in the basement. People in restaurants were asked to remain in their seats during the raid and follow the instructions of the management. Cinemas continued with their programmes.

SALVADOR DALI DESERTS SURREALISM

The Spanish Artist Has a New Approach to Life



"ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN": This is one of the new pictures by Salvador Dali, the Spanish painter, in his exhibition at the Lefevre Galleries, London.

On his previous visit to London Salvador Dali appeared at a lecture dressed in a diving-suit and accompanied by two wolfhounds. Now he wears a formal pin-stripe suit with a white shirt, and apart from his moustachios, which are trained almost to his eyebrows, his phase of extreme fantasy would appear to be over. Dali declares that religion is the solution to the problems besetting the world, and he is seeking to convert the great Picasso from Communism "to paint once again free and for the glory of Spain." Dali's Russian-born wife, Gala, who once wore a hat adorned with lobsters in transparent paper, is even more formally dressed than her husband. In fact, their trend towards formality is a complete revelation.

"THE MADONNA OF PORT LLIGAT": Salvador Dali and his wife Gala standing beside one of his new pictures, for which the painter's wife was the model. Port Lligat is the name of the Spanish village where Dali now lives and works.

"LEDA," ANOTHER PORTRAIT BY SALVADOR DALI IN HIS LATEST MANNER: Dali's surrealist works have caused controversy for two decades. Now he paints in simpler style. This work was completed in 1949. His wife was the model.

"THE COUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA": This is probably the nearest approach to a formal portrait achieved by Salvador Dali, and it reveals his newly-adopted style. Dali is now visiting London for the first time for sixteen years.

KING TRIBHUVANA OF NEPAL PRESIDES OVER AN HISTORIC MEETING OF HIS COUNCIL IN THE GREAT THRONE ROOM OF THE PALACE OF KATMANDU : At this meeting Mr. B. P. Koirala, the Home Minister in the former Government and the head of the Nepalese Congress Party, was received in his new capacity as Prime Minister. The new Cabinet Ministers are seated on the left, and Mr. Koirala (in Indian-style dress) and his predecessor, the ousted Maharaja Mohun Shumshere Rana, are seated together on the settee in the left-hand corner of the chamber. On the right are the commanding officers of the armed forces of Nepal. The removal from the scene of the head of the Rana regime opens the way for an extension of Indian influence in Nepal.

IN FAST-CHANGING NEPAL

King Tribhuvana and His Council; the King Receiving the Sacred Relics of Sariputta and Mogalan

KING TRIBHUVANA WELCOMES THE SACRED RELICS TO KATMANDU : *Top on left*—The sacred relics of Sariputta and Mogalan, two of the chief disciples of Buddha, seen being escorted through the Nepalese capital on a decorated car. The relics, which were recently removed from the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, are now touring the Indian sub-continent before being deposited in a shrine prepared for them in the Dominion of India. *On left*—The King receiving one of the relics on the steps of the Council Chamber. *On right*—The King delivering his speech of welcome. His youthful-looking new Prime Minister, Mr. Koirala, is beside him.

Turn to *The Statesman's Year-Book* 1951, and under Nepal the reader will find "an independent kingdom in the Himalayas between 26° 25′ and 30° 17′ N. lat., and between 80° 6′ and 88° 14′ of E. long.; its greatest length 500 miles; its greatest breadth about 150; bounded on the north by Tibet, on the east by Sikkim, on the south and west by India." All these facts are substantially true, but there are great and significant changes going on in Nepal at this very moment, and this uneasy kingdom would appear to be shaking off the rulership of its military oligarchy in favour of coming within the Indian sphere of influence. In name, of course, Nepal is still independent. The settlement reached last year under Indian advice and pressure has left King Tribhuvana a constitutional monarch ruling in a land divided between the representatives of the former regime or Ranas, on the one hand, and the new men of the Nepalese Congress Party on the other. For a year the two sides of the Cabinet have worked together in uneasy partnership. Now the partnership is over. The Prime Minister, Maharaja Mohun Shumshere Rana, suspected by the leaders of the Congress Party of conniving with other factions, has been displaced, and the young and aspiring Mr. B. P. Koirala takes his place. The trial of strength between the traditional ruling class and the new democratic elements would therefore appear to be going in favour of the latter, but it remains to be seen how far Mr. Koirala and his colleagues can maintain their authority.

The displacement of the former Prime Minister ends a state of affairs which has continued since 1867. It was in that year that under pressure of the nobles the King of Nepal placed all power in the hands of the Prime Minister. From that time until to-day the office of Prime Minister has always been in the hands of the same ruling family. Mr. Koirala's appointment is therefore a unique occasion in the national history.

CONSTRUCTION and DESTRUCTION

Tapping Nature's Reserves of Power in New Zealand and Uganda; Bush Fires in Australia; Personalities in Asian Affairs

NEW ZEALAND TAPS HER WATER-POWER: This view of the 285-ft.-high dam on the River Waikato at Maraetai, New Zealand, shows the 16-ft.-diameter pipes, or penstocks, as they are called, which will feed water to the five 36,000-kilowatt generators under construction in the powerhouse below. Three of the largest concrete mixers built in Britain are being used to supply the 500,000 tons of concrete needed for the dam's construction. It is expected that by Christmas the whole 550-ft.-long dam, with the exception of three bays in the centre, will be within 20 ft. of its ultimate height. When it is completed this hydro-electric scheme is expected to satisfy for several years the power requirements of the entire North Island.

On left—**SUPER-HEATED STEAM ROARS FORTH FROM A MAN-MADE BORE IN NEW ZEALAND:** The country's underground steam is potentially a source of unlimited power. This particular blow-hole has been going at full-blast for over four months and has a potential output of 15,000 kilowatts.

EXPLOITING GEOTHERMAL POWER IN NEW ZEALAND: One of the dry-steam bores made at Wairakei, New Zealand, by scientists who are investigating the possibilities of using the natural steam for generating electricity. During the tests a bore of this kind ran for seven months before the scientists turned it off. If the final tests prove beyond doubt that there is no possibility of these steam sources drying up, the New Zealand Government will spend large sums of money to harness the steam for generating power. The first move would be to run a 10,000-kilowatt pilot plant from a bore at Wairakei. The Government is approaching the problem with caution, but they are encouraged by experience of using geothermal heat in Italy, where plant producing more than 200,000 kilowatts is established or projected on an area of about 75 sq. miles in Tuscany.

THE RED TERROR OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH: Trees and undergrowth are seen ablaze in Kuringai Chase, a national nature reserve on the outskirts of Sydney. Bush fires in this part of Australia during the past few weeks have made many people homeless and caused millions of pounds-worth of damage. *On left*—Dense smoke rises from the wooded hillsides of Kuringai Chase, which is celebrated for its plant life. For more than two months fire has been sweeping through the vast reaches of the Northern Territory, Queensland and New South Wales. Even Sydney itself has not escaped, and recently it was reported that women in a suburb of the city picked up their children and ran into the sea as the fires swept down and razed their homes. Inland, losses in sheep, cattle, wild life and timber have been incalculable. In one day sheep farmers in Coonamble, one of the country's leading lamb-raising areas, shot 500 shockingly-burnt sheep in the course of a fifteen-mile walk. The men had to walk because all their horses had been burned to death. Many people have had to leave their homes in this area because of the stench of dead sheep, horses, cattle and hundreds of kangaroos, emus and other wild creatures, which have died in the fires.

WORK IN PROGRESS ON PART OF THE HUGE HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME AT JINJA, UGANDA: On this site a power-station, utilising one of the many sources of water-power in this young and undeveloped country, will soon arise.

THE MAIN BASE OF THE GREAT NEW DAM WHICH IS SLOWLY RISING ON THE VICTORIA NILE, IN EASTERN UGANDA: It is part of a £17,000,000 hydro-electric scheme which, the Government of Uganda believe, will attract large concerns to develop the iron and steel deposits existing in the area. Henry Olivier, the chief civil engineer in charge of the scheme at this stage, leads a team of 31 Britons, 24 Danes, 12 Dutchmen and 44 Italians, with 30 Asians and about 1,200 Africans. The scheme will provide power for the new cotton factory and cement works in the Jinja-Torroro areas. When it is completed the celebrated Ripon and Owen Falls will disappear. So will the only road bridge on the Nile road, as well as the rail bridge which spans the Nile close to the dam, for the scheme will incorporate alternative facilities. The only other bridge is at Khartoum, well over 1,000 miles distant. Industrialists wishing to view sites for new projects here will be able to use the facilities of the newly-enlarged Entebbe Airport.

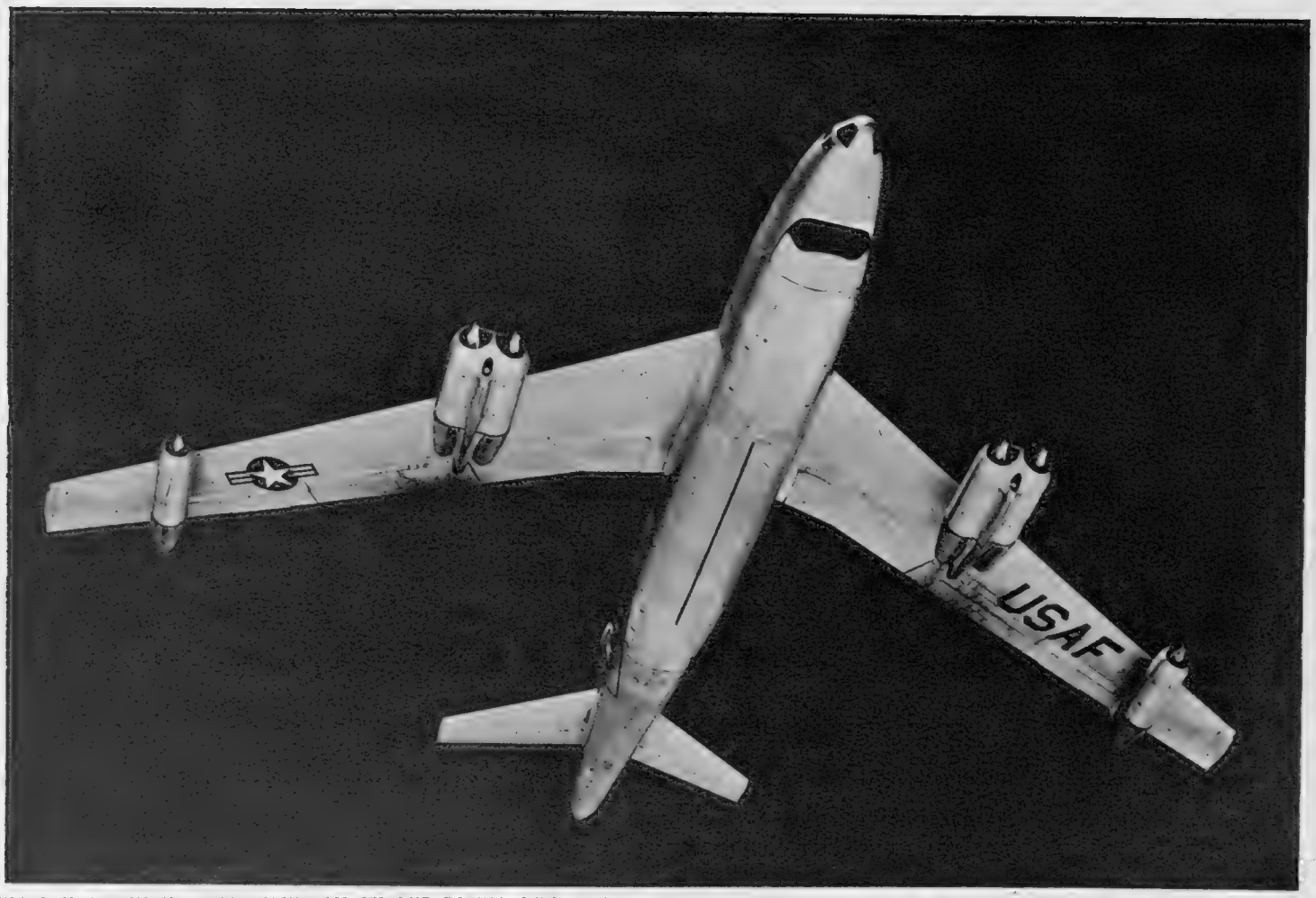
On left—
MASTER TARA SINGH, A SIKH LEADER WHO DEMANDS A SEPARATE STATE FOR HIS PEOPLE FROM THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT: Born in 1885 at Rawalpindi, which is now in Pakistan, Tara Singh was educated at a Christian missionary school and had a distinguished scholastic career. His parents were Hindu, but he quickly became attracted to Sikhism and, with his brothers, embraced the faith before he was fifteen. He became a schoolteacher and headmaster—hence his title "Master"—and never accepted more than a small honorarium for his work. As a Sikh leader he was imprisoned by the British. More recently the Indian Government imprisoned him when he threatened civil disobedience if his demand for a separate Sikh state was refused. Well known for his antagonism to the Muslims in general and to Pakistan in particular, Master Tara Singh, when asked on one occasion how he would found his Sikh state, is reported to have said: "I pin my faith in chaos."

A SUCCESSOR TO MAHATMA GANDHI TACKLES THE COMMUNIST AND LAND PROBLEMS OF INDIA: He is Acharya Vinoba Bhave, seen sitting (right) in the bare simplicity of his room in New Delhi, where he recently paid a visit at the invitation of the Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru. With him, poring over books in vernacular scripts, are two of his followers. To some extent Acharya Bhave may fill the place in Indian affairs left by Mahatma Gandhi, with whom he was for long a close associate. Bhave has recently completed a two-month tour, on foot and with only a small band of followers, of five central and North Indian states. At his village meetings he pleaded so eloquently with landlords to share their lands with the peasants that he actually obtained donations of land amounting to 27,000 acres. In an earlier walking tour covering 1,000 miles in the Communist-infested areas of Hyderabad, he was welcomed where the police hardly dared to go and was credited with winning thousands of peasants away from Communism. In New Delhi, Bhave has set up headquarters in a modest hut, adjacent to the shrine where Mahatma Gandhi's body was cremated. He plans to resume his walking tour in the near future.

THE OPENING OF THE SUPREME COURT AT SUVA, FIJI: His Honour the Chief Justice of Fiji, Mr. J. H. Vaughan, K.C., M.C., inspects a guard of honour of Fiji police during the colourful ceremonies which accompanied the opening of the Supreme Court. Fiji was ceded to the British Empire by the ruling chiefs in 1874, but the islands have always retained a large measure of self-government. This has greatly increased under the terms of the Fijian Affairs Ordinance of 1944, which came into operation in 1945. In his visit to the islands earlier this year, Mr. John Dugdale, then Minister of State for Colonial Affairs, was able to see how the new system has been working.

MASS PRODUCING THE STRATOJET

THE WORLD'S FASTEST BOMBER ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE AT WICHITA, WHERE IT IS NOW IN QUANTITY PRODUCTION



LIKE A HUGE SHARK WITH GAPING MOUTH, THE BOEING STRATOJET BESTRIDES THE SKIES: This is the B 47 medium bomber which has passed all its tests with flying colours and is now in large-scale production for the United States Air Force at Boeing's Wichita plant. This bomber created a surprise in February 1949 when it broke all bomber records by flying across America from Washington State to Washington, D.C., covering 2,289 miles in 226 minutes at an average speed of 607·2 m.p.h. That flight not only gave a glimpse of the Stratojet's powers, but of what bomber interception might mean in a war fought at speeds in the vicinity of the sonic barrier.

At this moment in history when the arsenal of democracy is once again fulfilling its self-appointed role in a world sharply and tragically divided, it is of much interest to see how one factory alone in America is carrying through its vast production task. On this page is shown a series of pictures taken in the great Boeing production plant at Wichita, Kansas, where the Stratojet, most powerful of medium bombers, is rolling off the production line at an increasing pace. Ever since the Stratojet completed successful tests in 1949 and 1950, it has been widely assumed that this is to be America's No. 1 atom-bomb carrier should such a vehicle ever be needed. The Stratojet has a speed of over 600 m.p.h. and when flying over enemy target areas the likelihood of successful interception is remote indeed.

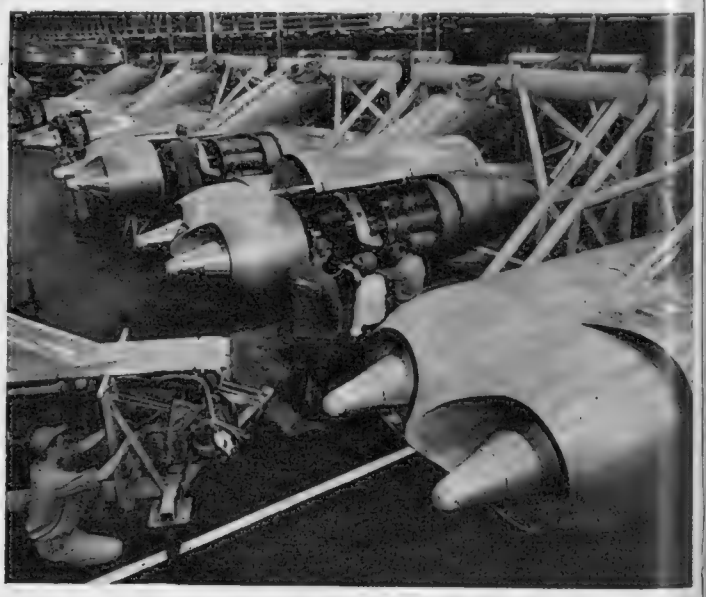
Boeing Airplane Company experts have dipped into their reserve of World War II experience to build this swept-wing U.S. Air Force machine, even though it is the world's most modern bomber in quantity production. New and heavier materials are used. Installations have multiplied in complexity. Parts must be produced to more exacting tolerances and external surfaces must be mirror-smooth. But basically, the assembly procedures at Wichita follow the same multiline system devised by the company during the last war to mass-produce B 17 Flying Fortresses and B 29 Superfortresses.

Fundamentally, this calls for the assembly of thousands of little parts into comparatively few big and middle-sized ones, after which they are fitted together in the final assembly area to provide the finished aeroplane.

In view of the fact that 52,000 parts (exclusive of rivets, bolts and engine components) go into a Stratojet, the task of getting them at the right place at the right time cannot be considered simple. In addition, some of the modern material that goes into to-day's jet-propelled bombers—such as the incredibly intricate electronic equipment—has contributed certain complications, as has the matter of sub-contracting. Some 40 per cent. (on a dollar volume) of the Stratojet's assemblies are indeed sub-contracted.

The crew compartment, the bomb-bay section of the fuselage, and all of the wings except the control surfaces are manufactured at Boeing's Wichita plant.

CREW COMPARTMENT SECTIONS FOR THE STRATOJET ARE MOVED ALONG THE ASSEMBLY LINE AT THE WICHITA WORKS: Here a great deal of equipment is installed before the portions are attached to the fuselage sections. To eliminate congestion during this phase of the work the mechanics operate on two levels, with stairways, as shown in this picture, leading to the upper sections.



TWIN-JET ENGINE POWER "PODS," EACH CONTAINING TWO GENERAL ELECTRIC J 47 ENGINES, ARE COMPLETED IN THIS ASSEMBLY LINE AT WICHITA BEFORE INSTALLATION UNDER THE THIN, SWEPT-BACK WINGS OF THE BOEING B 47 STRATOJET BOMBERS: Two of these twin-engine "pods," plus two single jet engines near the wing-tips, power the 600-mile-an-hour U.S. Air Force bomber.

The swept-back wings are built in a battery of huge jigs, and when completed must find a fuselage ready on schedule. The fuselage is made in four major sections, nose-cap, crew compartment, bomb-bay section and aft section. The Boeing-produced major sections are moved along on dollies through step-after-step of installation work until ready to go into the final assembly bays. There they and the outside-produced major sections are joined, the wing being lowered by overhead crane into a slot in the centre section.

Even then, however, the Stratojet is not ready to fly. It must receive any modifications which have come along too late for assembly-line installation, and there must be a final check of systems on the pre-flight line.

It's a long trail, from factories throughout the country to take-off. In fact, it amounts to 52,000 separate trails as the myriad of parts converge under one factory roof. It calls for a process of clock-like precision, but the result is one of the most potent weapons in America's growing arsenal.

MORE ASPECTS OF THE GREAT BOEING ASSEMBLY LINE: *Left*—Nose-cap sections for Stratojets seen after arriving at Wichita from a sub-contractor's plant. These nose sections house the bombardier-navigator of the three-man crew of the Stratojet. *Right*—A landing-gear unit is being installed.

THE F 89D—THE NORTHROP SCORPION IN ITS LATEST DESIGN SEEN IN FLIGHT OVER THE CALIFORNIAN DESERT DURING RECENT TRIALS FROM THE NORTHROP PLANT: The Scorpion is an all-weather interceptor with a gross weight, including fuel and armament, of over 40,000 lb. This 600-m.p.h. interceptor is equipped with rockets of tremendous destructive force, and electronic aiming and automatic triggering equipment which enables the pilot to direct his fire on to the target with pin-point accuracy.

THE SCORPION STREAKS ACROSS THE CALIFORNIAN SKY

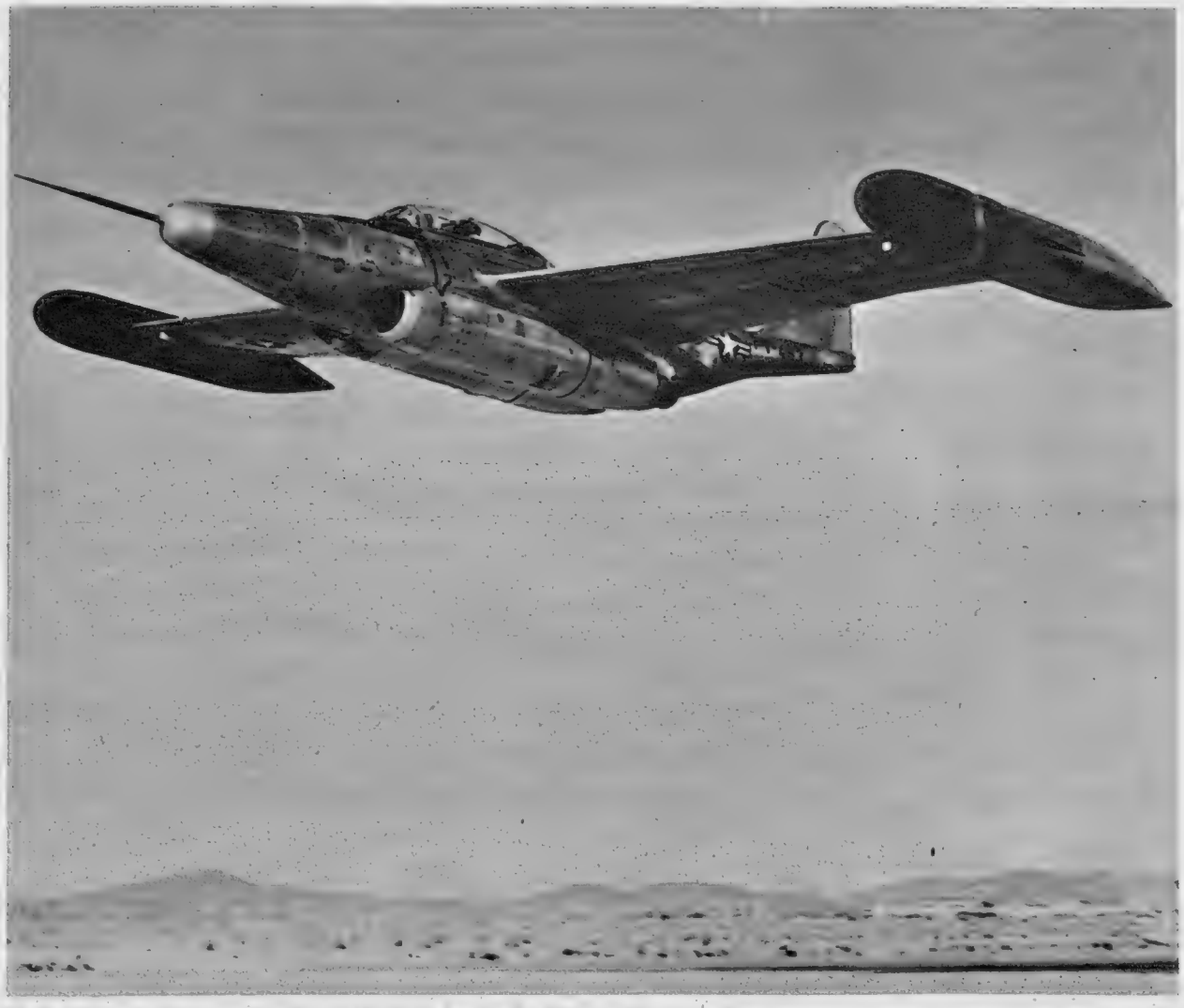
A Remarkable New Addition to America's Fleet of Interceptors

Even Americans themselves were probably surprised at the astonishing success of the Stratojet medium bomber when it achieved a speed of over 600 m.p.h. on a transcontinental flight in 1949, and many an armchair strategist must have pondered on the future role of interceptor aircraft if the bombers they were supposed to intercept were capable of speeds like those produced by the new Boeing bomber. The success of the Stratojet has, if anything, spurred the American designers on to improving their interceptor planes, and one of the most notable of these is the Northrop Scorpion, which is now appearing in its latest modification as the F 89D. The Scorpion is a mid-wing monoplane of all-metal construction. It is equipped with rockets which travel at bullet speed and pack a punch so destructive that a single hit on even the largest modern bomber is considered a certain kill.

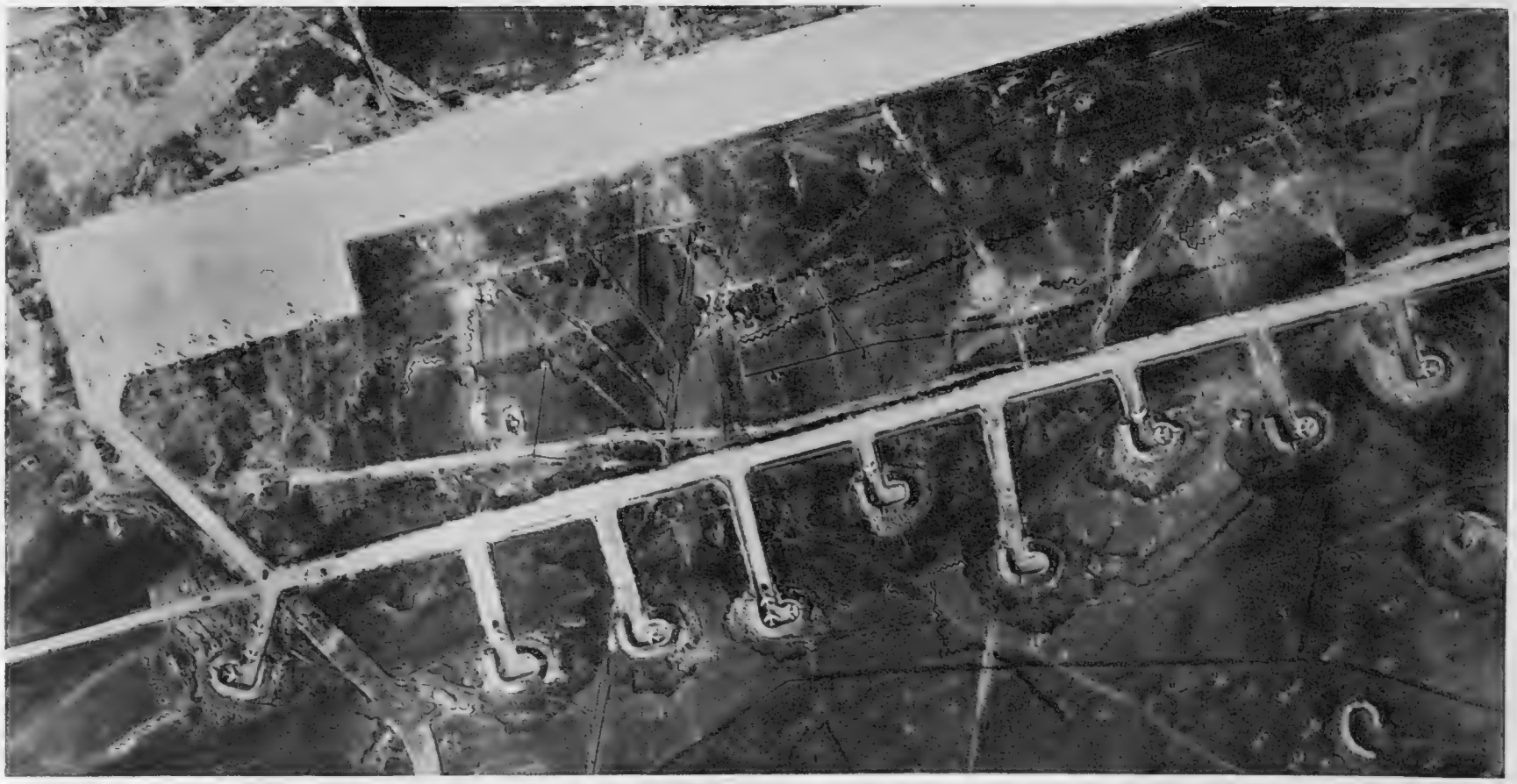
Coupled with the tremendous destructive force of the rockets is the F 89D's electronic aiming and automatic triggering equipment, which enables the pilot to direct his fire with pin-point accuracy. In combat the pilot, after stalking and locating the enemy aeroplane through the use of ground and airborne radar, would close the range and fire his high-velocity rockets.

The new aeroplane is built to the proved design of other models of the F 89, now in use by operational units of the Air Force. It is equipped with twin Allison jet engines providing the enormous rate of climb necessary for interceptor-type aeroplanes, and with airborne radar equipment enabling it to seek out possible enemy aeroplanes at night or under adverse weather conditions. Northrop-devised "decelerons" or aerial speed brakes which enable the plane to slow down rapidly in flight or to descend almost vertically under full control, have been retained.

In the Scorpion the crew of two, pilot and radar operator, are seated in tandem in a pressurised cockpit. The canopy is power-operated and ejection seats are provided for emergency exit at high speed. The first of the prototypes made its maiden flight at Muroc in August, 1948.



THE D MODEL OF THE ALL-WEATHER INTERCEPTOR, THE NORTHROP SCORPION: This machine is now in operational service with defence squadrons guarding the west coast of the United States. The Scorpion carries elaborate radar search gear.



ON THE COMMUNIST AIRFIELD AT UIJU, SOUTH OF THE YALU RIVER IN NORTH-WEST KOREA: This enlarged section of an aerial photograph made by a reconnaissance aircraft of the Far East Air Forces shows Russian-built MIG 15 swept-wing jet fighters shortly before a straffing raid was carried out by the Americans. Four MIGs were destroyed and four were damaged in this raid, which was conducted by Superforts operating from Okinawa.

POUNDING AN AIRFIELD IN NORTH KOREA

AMERICAN BOMBERS HIT BACK AT A SOURCE OF COMMUNIST AIR RAIDS SOUTH OF THE YALU

Of recent weeks air fighting has tended to dominate the Korean War news, and while there has been little action along the 145-mile battlefront, sky combats have taken place from the 38th Parallel to the Yalu River. While many of the Communist airfields are situated north of the Yalu River and are therefore at the time of writing invulnerable, others have now been established in North Korea, among them Uiju, which is the subject of the two remarkable aerial pictures on this page. The Americans have recently dealt Uiju a crippling blow, with the aid of proximity-fused air-bursting demolition bombs, but the American flyers are clearly upset that they cannot tackle the other Communist bases beyond the Yalu. It is their openly expressed view that thus handicapped their aerial effort is going off "half-cocked." U.S. Air Force officers have declared that the only way to regain air supremacy in Korea is to plaster the Manchurian air bases as the R.A.F. plastered Hamm.

AFTER THE RAID ON THE KOREAN AIRFIELD AT UIJU: This aerial reconnaissance photograph, which takes in a larger area than the photograph at the head of this page, shows the runway after it had been deluged with demolition bombs. Ten Superfortresses took part in the attack and they followed a few days after Sabre jets had swept low and had destroyed four MIG 15's on the airfield. Other North Korean airfields at Namsi, Taechon and Saamcham have received similar treatment.

NOVELTY FROM FRANCE

Some Unusual Developments in the Realms of Transport and Ocean Research

On left—
NEW FREIGHT CARS FOR A FRENCH INDUSTRIAL FIRM: These cars of gondola type have been built by the S.T.E.M.I. Company for the Pechiney Smelting Company and represent a radical departure from standard equipment used in France. The cars are made of light alloys, which increases their carrying capacity by 10 tons per car. The chassis and body are made of an alloy known as A-G5, and the bumpers and journal boxes are cast in a rather heavier but rust-proof alloy. This reduces upkeep costs considerably. The alloys can be welded for future repair operations. The cars are built for carrying ore and the load can be released by a compressed air system, the ore flowing at the rate of about 7 tons per minute.

On left—
A NEW FRENCH JET PLANE—THE LEDUC MAKES ITS BOW AT MARIGNANE, NEAR MARSEILLES: The Leduc, which is completely of French design, being loaded on to the parent plane, which serves as a booster for the jet. The carrier plane is necessary because the ram-jet power plant can not operate until sufficient air velocity is introduced into the tube. The jet is released at a speed of just under 190 m.p.h. The Leduc has a cruising speed of 470 m.p.h. and a maximum speed of 530 m.p.h. It is 32 ft. 6 ins. long and has a wing-spread of 34 ft. 1½ ins.

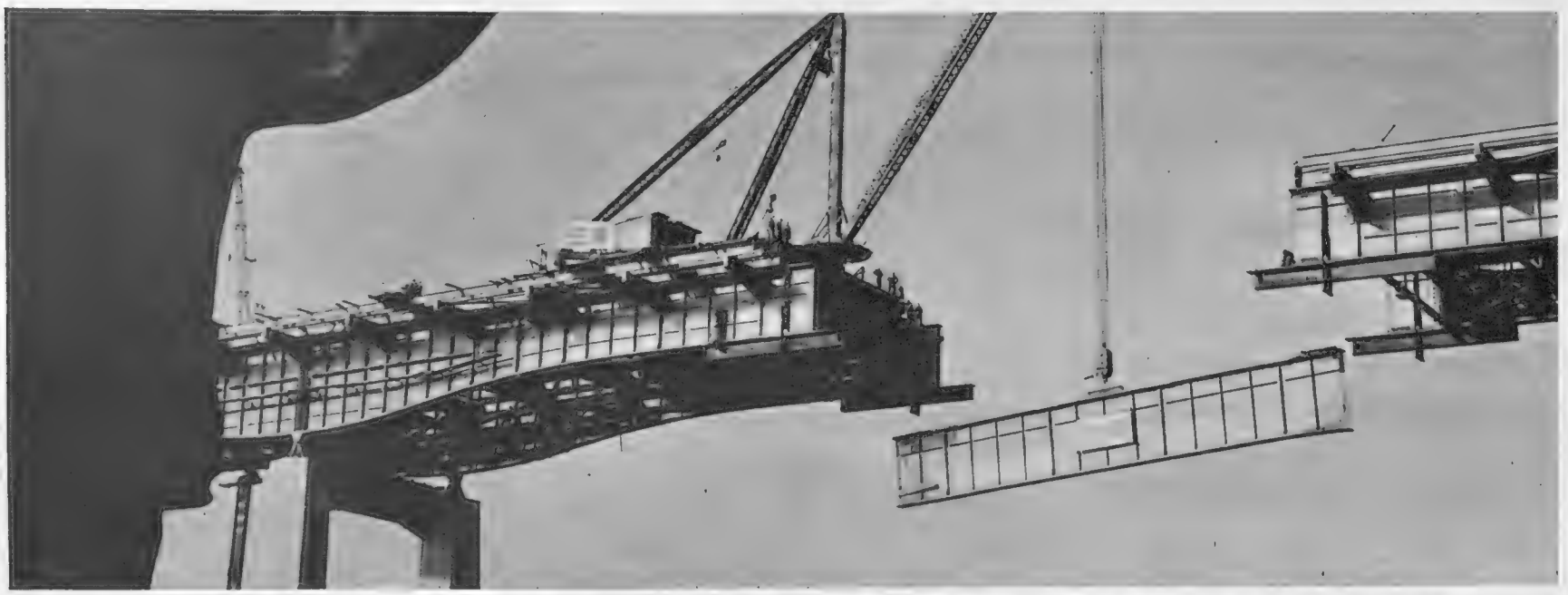
Below on left—
A NEW OCEANOGRAPHIC RESEARCH SHIP: The ex-American minesweeper *Calypso* at Toulon before sailing last month for her three-month maiden cruise as a research ship in the Red Sea. The *Calypso* has been redesigned and equipped at the Toulon Yards under the direction of Captain Yves Cousteau of the French Navy. The work took eighteen months to complete and special equipment has cost over £160,000. She carries a 2-ton underwater flash camera for operation at depths down to 4,000 ft. and X-Ray equipment for examining live specimens. Her crew includes nine scientists, eight technicians and cameramen. *Below*—**Captain Yves Cousteau:** He is a French Navy corvette commander with considerable previous experience of research work. After her three-month cruise, the *Calypso* will make a three-year oceanographic research voyage.

THE PATTON BRIDGE ACROSS THE RHINE IS IN PROCESS OF BEING DISMANTLED : The bridge was built in 1945 by Army engineers and was for some years the only link across the great river in its immediate area. It is now being removed following the construction of two new Rhine bridges and the repair of a third. In the foreground a crane is seen handling some of the material from the bridge. The material has been brought to the shore by barge.

MAIDENHEAD'S NEW BY-PASS AND BRIDGE : The Bath Road, carrying heavy traffic from London to the West Country, passes through the centre of the town of Maidenhead and crosses the Thames by the Maidenhead Bridge, built in 1772, which is seen in the picture *above*. The bridge is a handsome structure, but its narrowness is not well suited to the volume of traffic using this main road, which at present causes congestion in Maidenhead and inconvenience to the local population. Plans for a by-pass and a new bridge, well outside the town, were approved in 1935, and work reached an advanced stage before the war. To-day, because of the even greater need for the by-pass, and in view of the large amount of work already carried out (as can be seen in the aerial view *on the right*), the Maidenhead Council, together with other local authorities, including the Berkshire County Council, is making new representations to the Ministry of Transport for work on the incomplete by-pass and bridge to be undertaken at an early date.

TWO BRIDGES GO UP AND ONE BRIDGE COMES DOWN

Developments in Three Countries



THE FINAL SECTION OF A 927-FT. GIRDER, ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST, IS SWUNG INTO PLACE ON THE HACKENSACK RIVER BRIDGE BY CONSTRUCTION MEN OF U.S. STEEL'S AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY : The steel section is over 100 ft. long and weighs 106 tons. The link-up completes the last major structure in the 118-mile New Jersey Turnpike, costing 225,000,000 dollars. The six-lane bridge spans the Hackensack River between Secaucus and Kearney, New Jersey, and is only one of many new developments in the highway system of the eastern seaboard of the United States. Another new development is the completion of the Delaware road bridge.

Modernizing a Thames Backwater

PLANS FOR THE CREATION OF A NEW AND BETTER ISLEWORTH ARE ADVANCED BY MIDDLESEX COUNTY COUNCIL

A PICTURESQUE RIVERSIDE RESORT WHICH IS TO UNDERGO EXTENSIVE MODERNISATION WITHOUT LOSING ITS OLD-TIME CHARACTER : *Left*—The 500-year-old inn The London Apprentice, on the river at Isleworth opposite the Old Deer Park. *Right*—The badly-damaged church of All Saints, which was gutted by fire in 1943. Both places are to be preserved within the framework of the new Isleworth, which is to be developed by Middlesex County Council. Three car parks, a modern road system and at least forty new houses and shops are planned for the little riverside township, which has a history going back to the days of Cæsar's invasion.

CHURCH STREET, ISLEWORTH, HAS FINE EXAMPLES OF GEORGIAN AND QUEEN ANNE HOUSES : This picturesque street is to be preserved amid the building development in Isleworth. Isleworth lies just off the Bath Road.

THE MAIN SQUARE, WHERE HOUSES AND SHOPS ARE TO BE BUILT : The rather imposing-looking building in the background is now an upholstery works. The open spaces round the square give the place a derelict appearance.

THE LITTLE DOCK AT ISLEWORTH : Occasionally it is visited by yachtsmen, but the moorings, although picturesque, are not particularly inviting. As this is the tidal section of the Thames, care has to be taken to avoid stranding.

GEORGIAN AND QUEEN ANNE HOUSES IN CHURCH STREET : Here are markedly contrasting styles in domestic architecture, with the Victorian element rudely intruding upon the grace of earlier days. In the background is the Perpendicular church tower.

Just below the first of the Thames locks is the little riverside township of Isleworth, its cobbled quayside a reminder of the days when Isleworth was a port of some little importance and of the fact that even now goods from abroad are unloaded there. To the visiting yachtsman Isleworth is not a particularly alluring port of call, because there it is easy enough to become stranded in the tideway mud, but Isleworth well repays a visit, whether it is by reason of the attractions of The London Apprentice, a riverside inn of great age and charm, or of the Queen Anne and Georgian houses which stand there side by side with Victorian dwellings of lesser character. Like Strand-on-the-Green, just around the Kew bend of the Thames.

Isleworth is a place of much individuality and it is good to know that under the Middlesex County Council's preservation and reconstruction scheme the old is to be blended with the new as skilfully as may be contrived. The scheme provides for a new health centre, three car parks, a modern road system and at least forty new houses and shops with flats above. The 60-acre area to be developed is known locally as Old Isleworth, and lies on the north bank of the river opposite the Old Deer Park, Richmond. To-day Old Isleworth is not all picturesque charm. It is indeed a place of contrasts, many houses having fallen down or been demolished, leaving weed-covered open spaces on which the Council intends to build afresh.

Under the new scheme the Regency vicarage, the Norman church tower and weeping willows will be preserved. The waterfront is to be by-passed by linking the Richmond Road with what is now North Street, and by cutting a new road through the orchard at the back of West Middlesex Hospital to the main London-Bath Road. The London Apprentice inn (reputed to have been visited by Charles II) will be preserved as an historic monument. Included in the Council's plan is the reroofing of All Saints' Church, which was damaged by fire in 1943; the Perpendicular-style tower with its ten bells was saved from the fire, but the nave, planned by Sir Christopher Wren, was destroyed.

TO BRING RAW MATERIALS FROM THE JUNGLE AND INTO THE TRADING CHANNELS OF THE WORLD NEW ROADS ARE BEING BUILT THROUGHOUT FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFRICA. Snaking through the forests of the Gabon (one of the four French overseas territories in Central Africa now bound into one Federation) is this new highway. It is one of many new highways in Equatorial Africa, and it will eventually link with other new roads, all of which will lead to the now developing seaports and airports of the Federation, notably at Brazzaville, Pointe Noire and Libreville. Parts of the Gabon through which the new roads are travelling have never been occupied by human beings—only elephants, buffalo, monkeys and python could formerly exist in such country. The huts seen in this picture have been constructed for labourers on the highway.

HIGHWAYS THROUGH THE JUNGLE

HOW FRANCE IS DEVELOPING HER TERRITORIES IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA WITH AN ELABORATE PROGRAMME OF ROAD CONSTRUCTION

In the race for Africa in the nineteenth century one of the prizes which fell into French hands was the Gabon, a most unhealthy coastal strip in the Gulf of Guinea, with a vast hinterland of reasonably healthy and largely impenetrable jungle upland. It was in 1841 that French occupation began in the estuary of the Gabon River, and in 1849 the settlement of Libreville was formed as a place of refuge for escaped slaves.

French influence gradually extended along the rivers and into the interior of the Gabon through the efforts of de Brazza and the French missionaries, but, on the whole, France did little to develop this territory and great stretches of the hinterland remained quite unknown to man.

To-day Gabon is the scene of mighty changes. It is part of the Federation of four former colonies now known as French Equatorial Africa, the others being Middle Congo, Ubangui Chari and Chad. In the same group, but under trusteeship, is the former German colony of the Cameroons. In this hinterland there is untold wealth in timber, gold, diamonds and produce. There is petrol and palm oil, and there are beyond doubt the most valuable mineral deposits.

To reach this hidden store of wealth, the one thing most needed is highway construction; for until this is achieved the produce of the hinterland cannot flow through to the fast-developing ports of the coastal area. Conversely, the goods from Europe which flow into the West African ports cannot without highways flow eastwards to the native peoples. The highways must come first; trade will follow. And so it is that the authorities in French Equatorial Africa have devised a ten-year plan of road and port construction, and with the aid of America's Economic Co-operation Administration money and machinery are being made available for the task that lies ahead.

The pictures on these two pages show new highways under construction in the Gabon only, but it must be realised that all this is part of an even larger network, linking up whole tracts of the African continent. To-day the road that runs north-eastwards from Libreville, in the Gabon, will soon be linked up with roads in Ubangui Chari, and they in turn will be linked to the roads of the Congo and of Chad which are already building or projected.

DEEP IN THE INTERIOR OF THE GABON, ALONG THE BANKS OF THE COMO RIVER, IS THIS NATIVE WORK CAMP: Here the workers on a new highway are accommodated by the French authorities until the time comes for them to move on to a point still deeper in the jungle. The labourers on the highway construction jobs are known as military pioneers, part of their military training being devoted to the opening up of the territory.

THE FIRST PHASE IN JUNGLE ROAD-BUILDING IS TO CLEAR THE BUSH: A bulldozer manned by a French mechanic is seen in operation amid the thick tropical undergrowth. The bulldozer can push over trees 100 ft. high, clearing an immense area in a very short space of time. Behind the bulldozer go the native labourers pulling the fallen trees to the sides of the clearings.

A BULLDOZER PLOUGHING INTO THE UNDERGROWTH For centuries this great hinterland of French Equatorial Africa has been untrodden by man, and what trade there has been has followed the courses of the rivers. Marshall Aid funds are now playing a very considerable part in the opening up of the jungle terrain.

A SURVEYOR GOES AHEAD: Crossing one of the rivers of the Gabon when planning the route of one of the highways which will soon transform the territory. The rope by which the raft is propelled is a single strand of rattan laid from bank to bank. A watch must be kept for crocodiles.

French Equatorial Africa is also being opened up by air Goods and passenger traffic at Brazzaville's Maya Maya Airport exceeded all records in 1950. The fundamental problem, however, remains one of road construction.

It is a slow process this highway building, even with Marshall Aid machinery, but slowly and surely the impenetrable fastnesses are being opened to man—those hidden places where the elephant, the gorilla and the python once held undisputed sway, and the mosquito, enemy-in-chief of progress, guarded the road to the hinterland.

A TEMPORARY LOG-BRIDGE IS BROUGHT INTO USE: Here is another picture taken along one of the new highways. The truck is taking labourers from their temporary camp to the point on the highway where they are now engaged in clearing operations. Before long a steel road-bridge will span these waters.

The Rise of the New BANKSIDE

THE MIGHTY NEW POWER STATION WHICH FACES ST. PAUL'S ACROSS THE THAMES

THE CATHEDRAL AND THE POWER STATION: The critics have said that the historic dominance of St. Paul's would be destroyed by the erection of a new and bigger Bankside power station. From this view, at any rate, the critics were right, for it shows the power station looming large in the foreground and Wren's great dome rather lost in the background. For the most part, however, the two buildings standing on opposite sides of the Thames would not appear to clash. Bankside will have only one chimney and the smoke from it will be pre-washed.

In 1947 the battle of Bankside was a three-cornered tussle which kept going for many months before the protagonists finally put their pens aside and the builders set to work. Chief target in the controversy was the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, which had to resist, on the one hand, the attacks of the Dean of St. Paul's, who was fighting to preserve the architectural dominance of his cathedral, and, on the other hand, the attacks of Lord Latham and the London County Council, who stated in no uncertain terms that the Ministry's scheme interfered with the L.C.C.'s plan for the development of the South Bank. Mr. Silkin (now Lord Silkin) stuck to his guns, however, and would not consider the alternative site at Rotherhithe. So the plan for the enlarged Bankside power station went through, and now the task of construction is well advanced. On the whole, it would seem that the new Bankside is fitting fairly unobtrusively into the landscape. Bankside will supply enough electricity to keep 600,000 electric fires going non-stop night and day.

THE ERECTION OF THE SINGLE 320-FT. CHIMNEY OF BANKSIDE POWER STATION HAS NOW BEGUN: The metal structure on the left will soon be clothed with brickwork. The chimney will be as unobtrusive as possible in order to meet the complaints of those who claim that the new Bankside will threaten the dominance of St. Paul's. The special smoke abatement unit will be situated at the base of the chimney.

LOOKING ACROSS THE RIVER FROM BANKSIDE TO ST. PAUL'S: *Right*—The skeleton of the power station chimney, with the dome of St. Paul's seen in the background. *Left*—St. Paul's viewed from the roof of the power station. Simplicity is the keynote of the new building, which may even be deemed an architectural adornment.

THE EASTERN END OF THE STRADA DELL' ABBONDANZA AS IT IS TO-DAY : The uncovering of this major highway in Pompeii is now to be completed as far as its eastern gate, this being part of the elaborate five-year plan being undertaken in the buried city. The high banks of volcanic stones, ashes and soil which are seen on each side of the Strada are proving a great embarrassment to the excavators, and there is a plan on foot to move the soil, which emanates from previous diggings, to places where it can be utilised for cultivation.

PART OF THE AREA SOUTH OF THE STRADA DELL' ABBONDANZA WHICH IS TO BE EXCAVATED IN THE NEAR FUTURE : This unexplored area lies just beyond the limit of the houses seen in the foreground, and it is almost sure to yield a rich harvest to the archæologists who are now working at Pompeii.

After the catastrophe of the year 79 which covered the whole region with a layer of pumice stone and ashes, 10 to 15 ft. deep, the survivors rescued from the loose ashes as many valuables, and particularly as much marble, as they could. After that they consigned their town to oblivion and allowed later eruptions to spread the mantle even deeper. By the Middle Ages Pompeii remained unknown, and it was only in 1748 that some accidental discoveries drew attention to the site. Since 1860 excavations have been carried on at Pompeii systematically, but in 1941 the war caused a suspension of activity. A fresh start was made on the excavations last July, and at the time of writing Professor Maiuri and his fellow archæologists are pushing ahead with an elaborate five-year plan. They have plenty of space in which to work, as about two-fifths of Pompeii still remains to be uncovered. The new work has been made possible by a grant from the fund for the development of Southern Italy, one of the objects of which is to develop centres of interest to tourists.

DIGGING GOES AHEAD AT POMPEII

THE PROGRESS OF THE FIVE-YEAR PLAN TO UNCOVER YET MORE OF THE BURIED CITY

NEW FINDS IN THE BURIED CITY : *Left*—A worker emptying a recently discovered funeral amphora. *Right*—The top of a house emerging from one of the high banks of *lapilli* under which it has lain for so long. Much of the earth surrounding the buried houses is of the greatest richness.

LOOKING EAST ALONG THE STRADA DELL' ABBONDANZA : In the foreground are houses which have long been excavated. It is in the far distance that the present operations are being carried out. The streets of Pompeii are paved with polygonal blocks of lava. At intervals are high stepping-stones.

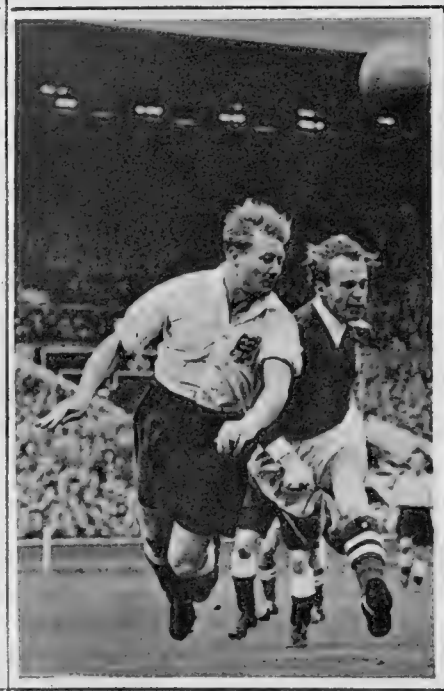
NAT LOFTHOUSE (NO. 9), THE ENGLAND CENTRE-FORWARD, LEAPS FOR THE BALL DURING A FREE KICK AGAINST AUSTRIA NEAR THE AUSTRIAN GOALMOUTH: This was one of many thrilling incidents in last week's soccer international at Wembley when a crowd of 100,000 saw some sparkling football with the home side retaining their unbeaten record on English soil. The first half was goalless, although England should have scored more than once if they had taken their chances. In the second half the clever Austrians, who lived up to their reputation for brilliancy in combination, scored an early goal. England fought back, and in the seventieth minute were awarded a penalty from which they scored. A Lofthouse header gave England the lead, but the Austrians crowded on the pace and equalised. A draw was generally regarded as a fair result to a fast and exhilarating game.

AUSTRIA v. ENGLAND

A CLASSIC INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL MATCH ON THE WEMBLEY TURF

AUSTRIAN AND ENGLISH PLAYERS LINED UP NEAR THE GOALMOUTH DURING A FREE KICK TO ENGLAND: One of the Austrian backs is seen standing in the goal beside the goalie, while the referee watches closely the course of events. Austria's goalkeeper, Zeman, saved his side repeatedly by brilliant anticipation.

HEADING TOWARDS THE ENGLISH GOAL: The Austrian inside-left, Stojaspal, heads the ball while the Austrian centre-forward, Adolf Huber, is seen blocking the path of Jimmy Dickinson, the England left-half.



A DUEL FOR POSSESSION: Jack Froggatt, the England centre-half, and Adolf Huber, the Austrian centre-forward, seen in close company.

A HEFTY BOOT DOWN THE CENTRE OF THE FIELD: Stojaspal, the Austrian inside-left, seen in action in the second half of the game, when four goals were scored in fairly quick succession.

BRITISH TROOPS ON GUARD IN ISMAILIA: A British Tommy, armed with a Bren gun and protected by sandbags, stands guard in a street of the small Egyptian town, which has been the principal trouble-spot of the Canal Zone. Farther down the road a sentry comes to attention as a jeep carrying high-ranking British Army officers passes his post.

A LARGE TANKER PASSES SLOWLY DOWN THE SUEZ CANAL: The two soldiers patrolling the near bank are gunners of the 190th Battery, the 71st Regiment, Royal Artillery. It was recently announced that African troops are to make their appearance in the Canal Zone. A draft of the Rhodesian Rifles is shortly to be dispatched from Southern Rhodesia. This regiment served with distinction during the war in Burma.

Ismailia, the little Canal Zone town which has been the scene of the ugliest incidents in the Egyptian crisis, has now been placed out of bounds to our troops. British families who were living there have all been evacuated, but joint Army and R.A.F. patrols are still protecting the non-British Europeans—mainly Greeks and French—who still live there. While British relations with the Egyptian Army are reported to be excellent, more trouble is expected from the new contingents of Egyptian police who have recently arrived. Their co-operation can hardly be looked for when it is remembered that their predecessors were officially honoured and rewarded in Cairo recently for their attacks on British personnel. A parcel containing several hundred copies of instructions to the (as yet unseen) "Liberation Battalions" of Egypt was discovered last week. One of the amusing directions given to the would-be guerillas is to keep to windward, so as not to be heard or smelt by the enemy.

STALEMATE IN EGYPT

Life in This Troubled Country Settles into an Uneasy Quiet While the Next Moves on the Diplomatic Front are Awaited

EGYPTIAN POLICE ON THE MARCH: They were parading in Abdin Square, just outside the Royal Palace in Cairo, where some of them were decorated and all of them given a rousing reception by the populace for their "stand against the British occupants" of the Canal Zone. The men in this picture wear British-style uniforms and helmets. They were recently relieved in the Canal Zone by new contingents of police.

EGYPTIAN POLICEMEN WITH THE MEDALS THEY WON FOR FIGHTING THE BRITISH: In addition to these decorations many of the officers were promoted and given gratuities. This encouragement, coupled with the hero-worship accorded the men by the populace, will not improve the conduct of those who have relieved them in the Canal Zone.

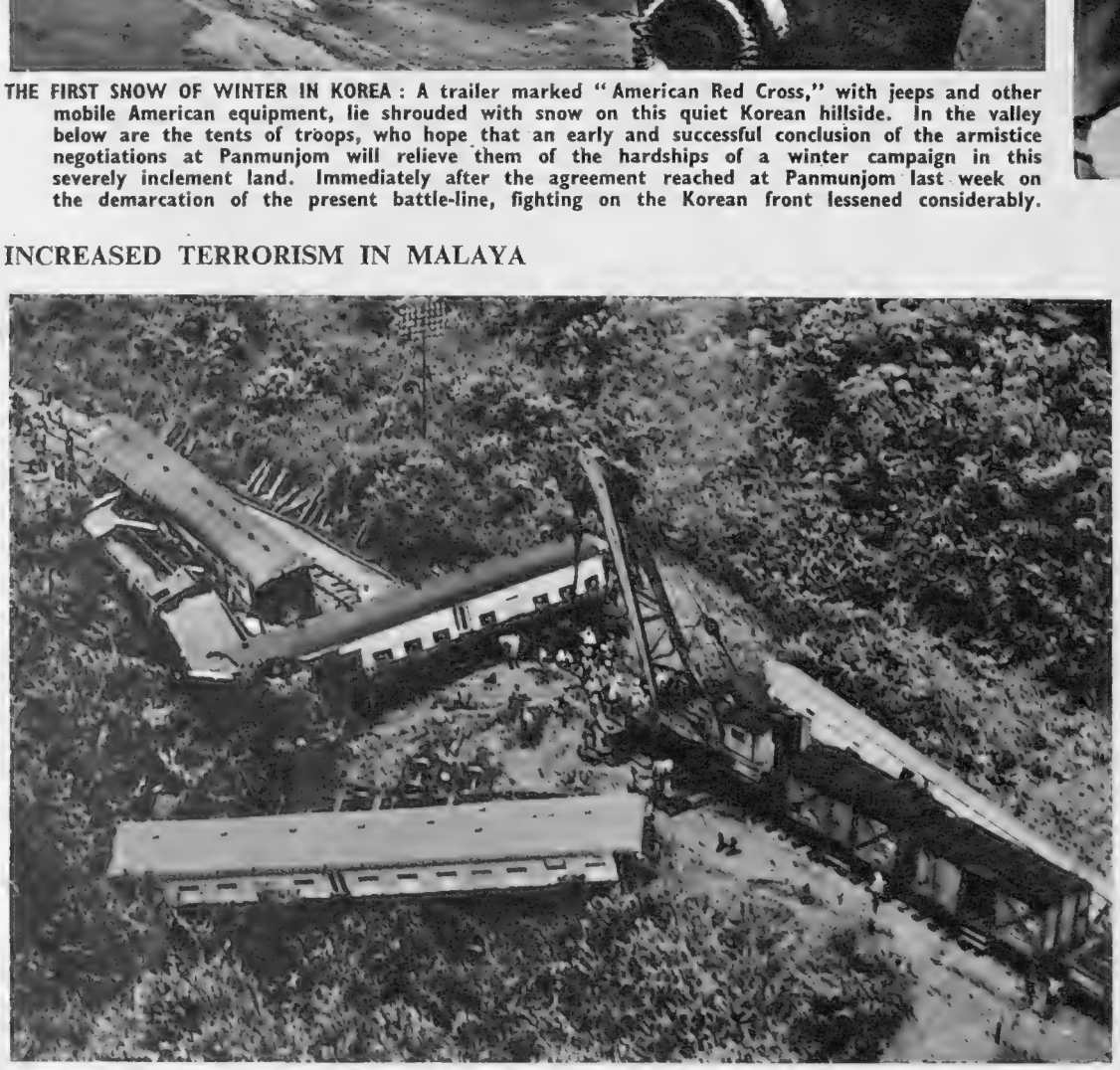
GENERAL SIR BRIAN ROBERTSON, C.-IN-C. MIDDLE EAST, PLAYS POLO IN THE CANAL ZONE: Watched by a small boy and a line of British soldiers, the General, nearest the camera and wearing a white shirt and dark breeches, takes part in an exciting game. When General Robertson was in Britain last month, he was asked what he would do on his return to the Canal Zone. "Play plenty of polo, I hope," said the General.

NEW HOPE IN THE KOREAN CONFLICT

THE FIRST SNOW OF WINTER IN KOREA : A trailer marked "American Red Cross," with jeeps and other mobile American equipment, lie shrouded with snow on this quiet Korean hillside. In the valley below are the tents of troops, who hope that an early and successful conclusion of the armistice negotiations at Panmunjom will relieve them of the hardships of a winter campaign in this severely inclement land. Immediately after the agreement reached at Panmunjom last week on the demarcation of the present battle-line, fighting on the Korean front lessened considerably.

ALLIED AND COMMUNIST LIAISON OFFICERS STUDY A MAP DURING THE KOREAN CEASE-FIRE NEGOTIATIONS AT PANMUNJOM : Colonel James Murray, of the United States Marine Corps, pencils a line on a map as Lieut.-Colonel Tsai Cheng Wan watches closely. The delegates' agreement on the exact demarcation of the existing battle-line in Korea, which may become the cease-fire line, was the first real advance made during three months of long and frustrating negotiations, first at Kaesong and then at the little village of Panmunjom. The agreed battle-line, however, was to become the cease-fire line only if other truce conditions could be agreed within thirty days. If not, a new cease-fire line would have to be mapped out on the basis of any advances made during that period. Meanwhile there is new evidence of Russian assistance for the Communist forces. A Polish-born officer of the 8th Hussars, who intercepted a message from a Communist artillery unit, said that the orders he had heard were in Russian. A great increase in the rate of fire and accuracy of aim of the enemy has also been reported.

INCREASED TERRORISM IN MALAYA



MALAYAN TERRORISTS WRECK A TRAIN IN THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE : A breakdown crane is seen at work on the wreck, which took place near Tampin, on the Malacca-Negri border. Ten yards of the track had been ripped up by the bandits and, in the smash that followed, the driver, a train attendant and two Malayan children were killed and eighteen other people injured. Lieut.-General Sir Harold Briggs, the retiring Director of Operations in Malaya, said in Singapore last week that the Communists were now fully committed, deploying all their resources in order to live. Life in the jungle was no longer easy for them, he said, and improved intelligence made Communist cells less secure.

FERMENT in ASIA

Modern Ideologies and Re-awakened Nationalism Stirs the Peoples of the East

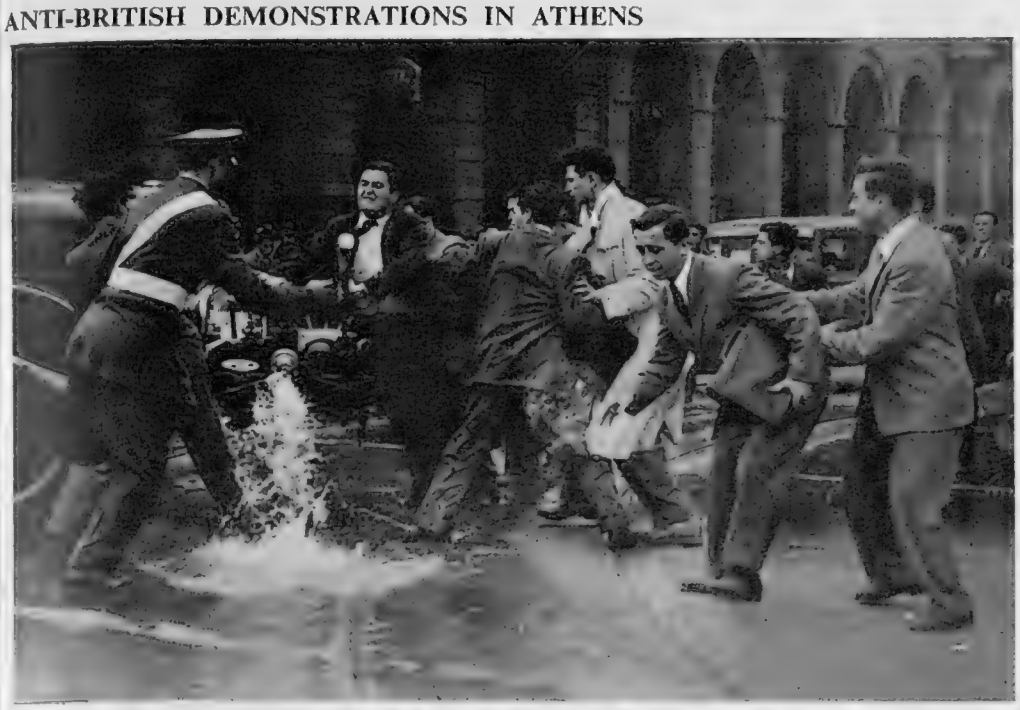
PERSIA ON THE BRINK

On left—

DR. MOUSSADEQ RETURNS TO TEHERAN : The Persian Prime Minister is seen (right) with the Shah of Persia in the Shah's winter palace eight miles from the capital. In a seven-hour conference with the Shah, Dr. Moussadeq reported on his visit to the United States, where he spent several weeks in fruitless discussions on the Persian oil dispute with American officials. A report from Washington says that Dr. Moussadeq's request for a loan of 120 million dollars is now being studied by the State Department and that the request was being given the most careful consideration in view of the situation in Persia. Dr. Moussadeq is still regarded as a national hero in his own country, but public opinion there is growing uneasy in the face of increasing economic difficulties arising out of the nationalisation of the Anglo-Iranian oil industry.

MORE ANTI-BRITISH DEMONSTRATIONS IN THE STREETS OF TEHERAN : These young Persian schoolchildren, most of them girls, were taking part in one of the political processions which are to be seen there almost daily.

ANTI-BRITISH DEMONSTRATIONS IN ATHENS



A WATERY RECEPTION FOR STUDENT-DEMONSTRATORS IN ATHENS : Students of the Athens University struggle with policemen after their parade, protesting against Britain's refusal to hand over Cyprus to Greece, had been broken up. Two of the excited young men were taken to hospital after clashes with police and firemen, who used the jets of their hose-pipes to disperse the procession. The students in this picture seem to be trying to turn off one of the fire-pumps.

A TROUBLED BUT INDEPENDENT BURMA

THE KOUMINGTAN CHINESE OF RANGOON TAKE PART IN A PROCESSION CELEBRATING BURMA'S NATIONAL DAY : National Day commemorates the occasion, over thirty years ago, when a national education movement, opposed to the official education system of the British Government, was set up by Burmese patriots. For a long time the schools and colleges organised by the movement functioned without official recognition, but later a compromise was achieved, the new movement gained official support and was incorporated into the country's general education system. The new schools provided an impetus for the growing feeling of nationalism, which was later to result in the freedom and independence of Burma.

THE WATER SUPPLY OF RANGOON IS INTERRUPTED BY SABOTAGE : Sentries and labourers stand by the broken pipeline, part of which had been destroyed by Burmese rebels. This was the sixth time that Rangoon's water supply was stopped in this way. Since the Union of Burma formally came into existence on January 4, 1948, the country has been worried by constantly recurring internal strife. Apart from the demands of the Karen tribesmen for a separate state, there are in the country some fifteen political parties constantly at loggerheads. Personal rivalries count for much and sabotage is often due to local ill-feeling.

THE WAR IN INDO-CHINA

A FRANCO–VIET-NAM OFFENSIVE IN NORTHERN INDO-CHINA : These boats are embarking a unit of the 5th Infantry Regiment of the French Far-Eastern Forces on the Black River, 60 miles south-west of Hanoi, during an offensive against the Viet-Minh forces. Parachute troops and powerful air support were used in this offensive, which made rapid advances. Hoa-Binh, an important Viet-Minh supply and communications centre, quickly fell to the combined French and Viet-Nam troops. According to General de Lattre de Tassigny, the High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief, at least 2,000,000 men, over 3,000 tons of arms and many Communist missions from Viet-Minh headquarters have passed through Hoa-Binh at various times. Its capture will mean control of important roads and of rich paddy-fields in the area, and further accentuate the already grave economic troubles which are facing the rebel forces.

FRENCH TROOPS WITH THEIR NATIVE BEARERS CROSS A HASTILY IMPROVISED BRIDGE DURING OPERATIONS AGAINST THE REBELS : Heavy casualties on both sides are reported in this new flare-up.

MEN OF THE VIET-NAM FORCES REST IN THE THICK JUNGLE DURING A PAUSE IN THE RECENT OFFENSIVE : These native troops were supported by a detachment of the 73rd French Engineering Corps.

VIET-MINH TROOPS USE SCORCHED-EARTH TACTICS AS THEY RETREAT IN THE CHO-BEN PASS REGION : This was an incident in the recent offensive when the small town of Cho-Ben, only thirty miles south-west of Hanoi, was taken from the retreating Viet-Minh forces.

AS AUTUMN TURNS TO WINTER

News of Home Events in Pictures

PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE FIRST NIGHT OF NOËL COWARD'S NEW PLAY "RELATIVE VALUES": Following the Princess, who is seen arriving at the Savoy Theatre, where the play was presented last week, are the Duchess of Kent and Noël Coward. *Relative Values*, which was generally well received by the critics, tells of a film-star who marries into an aristocratic family where the sister she despises has been a personal maid for nineteen years. The resultant play of emotions is knit into the fabric of the story in a manner worthy of Mr. Coward's superb stagecraft.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT NEWCASTLE—HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS OPENS THE NEW £240,000 STEPHENSON BUILDING BLOCK EXTENSION OF KING'S COLLEGE, DURHAM UNIVERSITY: A general view of the ceremony in the heat engines laboratory of the new building (an engineering block named after George Stephenson) during the Duke's speech. Earlier his Royal Highness had received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law from the Vice-Chancellor of the University, Lord Eustace Percy. On arrival at Newcastle Central Station the Duke was received by Lord Allendale, Lord Lieutenant of Northumberland, and civic heads. It was during this visit that the Duke's standard, approved by the King a few days ago, was flown from the bonnet of his car for the first time. In the course of his speech the Duke said: "This extension is a most important and timely addition to the technical training facilities of this highly technical area."

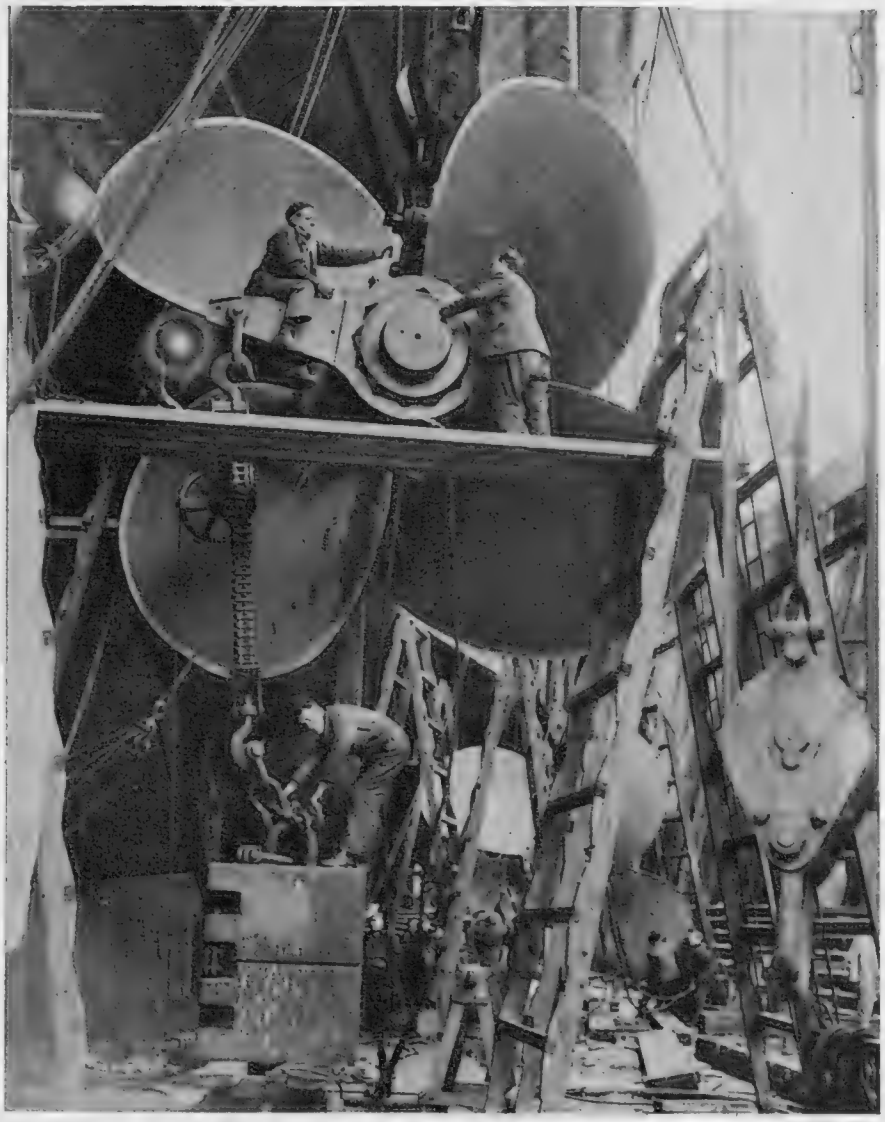
THE MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND PAYS A SEMI-CEREMONIAL SOCIAL VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: The Right Rev. Dr. W. White Anderson, in Moderational dress with knee breeches and lace ruffles, is seen with Mr. James Stuart (left), the Secretary of State for Scotland, and Lieut.-Commander G.I.C. Hutchison, Conservative Member for Edinburgh West, during his visit to Westminster. After spending a short time in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, the Moderator went to the Speaker's house to take tea with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Morrison, Mr. Attlee, members of the Church of Scotland and a party of Scottish M.P.s. Dr. Anderson also visited the House of Lords.

MISS ROSAMUND JOHN OPENS THE HUGHES FIELDS INFANTS' SCHOOL, GREENWICH: This view of the school, with the main entrance on the left, shows how its designers have tried to make it a place of light and colour. Miss John, daughter-in-law of Lord Silkin, opened the building last week. The school has been built round three sides of a rectangle, with windows which reach from the roofs almost to the ground, and takes the place of the gloomy old buildings which were completely destroyed in one of the severe air-raids of September 1940.

"FORGOTTEN ART" IS AUCTIONED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: A general view of the sale at the Royal Academy when 350 pictures and twelve pieces of sculpture were auctioned. All the pictures and sculptures were submitted for exhibition at the Academy between 1939 and 1949—some of them having been shown—and none of them was reclaimed by their owners, in spite of all attempts by Academy officials to have them collected. Mr. Sam Costa, the well-known comedian, bought three etchings for £2, and many pictures were sold for as little as 5s. each. The proceeds of the sale go to artists' charity funds.

A LINCOLN BOMBER CRASHES ONTO A RAILWAY EMBANKMENT NEAR LECONFIELD, IN YORKSHIRE: The aircraft was returning from Jurby, Isle of Man, when it overshot the runway and crashed only a few yards away from the R.A.F. airbase at Leconfield. A young farm-worker who saw the crash averted a second disaster by running along the line and warning the driver of an approaching train, which was able to stop in time. Two airmen in the Lincoln were killed and thirteen others, including a part of the Leconfield Royal Air Force Rugby Team and other members of the plane's crew, were reported to be seriously injured.

THE CLOSING OF THE RUNSWICK BAY, YORKSHIRE, LIFEBOAT STATION: The Runswick Bay lifeboat slides from her launching cradle into a calm sea at the beginning of her journey to Oulton Broad, in Norfolk, where she is to be overhauled during the temporary closing of the station. Mr. Tom Patton, the boat's coxswain, was much criticised for not attempting to launch the boat because of rough seas when the steamship *Pandora* foundered with the loss of six of her crew off the coast on October 22. The Royal National Lifeboat Institution, who feel that none of their boats should operate without the fullest confidence of the crews in their coxswains, have decided to close the station until the dispute has been settled.



ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST SPANNERS SCREWS A GIGANTIC NUT HOLDING ONE OF THE "QUEEN MARY'S" FOUR PROPELLERS: Workmen are adjusting the spanner on to the nut after replacing one of the 20-ton propellers, which had been removed for inspection and for repolishing. Another propeller is seen awaiting replacement in the background. The 10-ton weight attached to the "handle" of the spanner is raised and lowered in order to tighten or slacken the nut. The *Queen Mary* was in the King George V Graving Dock at Southampton undergoing her annual winter overhaul, which includes scraping and painting and a complete overhaul of the ship's linen, stores and all other equipment.

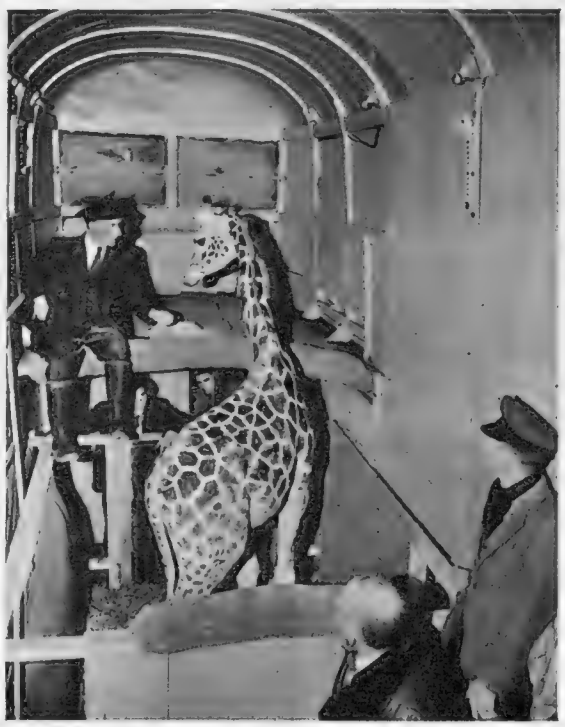
ANIMAL PARADE

A Series of Pictures of Zoological Appeal

"THE ANIMAL OF THE MONTH"—A NEW FASHION FROM AN AMERICAN ZOO: Cuban Pete, the iguana, seen accepting his lunch from a keeper's spoon, was November's "animal of the month" in the Lincoln Park Zoo, Chicago. The Zoo's director is reported to have said that Pete's "rugged individuality" won him the honour over a host of other candidates. Cuban Pete, however, is of greater interest than as the mere object of a new American fad. He is representative of the largest lizards of the New World. There are about 300 species of iguanas, and though they are usually about 5 ft. long and look very fierce, they are inoffensive creatures and normally vegetarians. If attacked, however, the iguana can bite savagely and inflict severe blows with its tail. In Mexico its flesh, which is white and tender, is prized above chicken and its eggs are also much sought after by those whose stomachs, as Darwin once put it, "can soar above all prejudices." The iguanas are mostly arboreal in habit, but are also fine swimmers, taking readily to water. They feed chiefly on leaves and fruits, though they will sometimes take insects, eggs and rarely, small mammals. The common iguana is of a beautiful green colour.

AN EXHIBITION OF "THE BIRDS OF INNER LONDON": This taxidermy group of a sparrow-hawk chasing sparrows is part of the exhibition, which was opened by the Marquis of Linlithgow at the galleries of Roland Ward Ltd., 166, Piccadilly. The exhibition continues until December 27. Over 100 species of birds live in London or visit the built-up area. Members of the London Natural History Society have for many years recorded the birds in this area, and in recent years have organised inquiries to find out as much as possible about certain species such as starlings, black-headed gulls and tufted ducks. Interesting records include three tufted ducks which were marked in St. James's Park and recovered in the U.S.S.R., one of them at the mouth of the Obi River in Siberia. Another interesting London bird is the black redstart, which, as a result of bombing, has found excellent nesting sites among the ruins. The London area in recent years has contained a large proportion of the total British breeding population of this delightful species.

PELICANS FROM TEXAS FOR ST. JAMES'S PARK: A young visitor to the London Zoo stares curiously through the netting at the pelicans sent recently from Texas to replace the two that died in St. James's Park. They are being kept at the Zoo until they have become acclimatised. For 300 years there have been pelicans in St. James's Park, and when both the old birds died some weeks ago, there were prompt offers to replace them from Texas and Louisiana. Texas won the ensuing race by sending these four birds by air. Others are on their way by sea from Louisiana and the Amir of Bahawalpur, one of the princely states of Pakistan, has also offered to send some.



THE TRAVELS AND TRAVAILS OF SAMBO, A YOUNG GIRAFFE: Sambo was bought from the Whipsnade Zoo by Chipperfield's Circus and these three pictures show how he was transported in a converted double-decker bus from the Zoo to Stockbridge, Hampshire, where the circus has its winter quarters. Sambo, who is eighteen months old and only three-quarters grown, was accompanied and comforted on his journey from Whipsnade by Mr. Bert Rodgers, his keeper. The giraffe, which feeds on the top leaves of trees, often attains a height of more than 17 ft. In spite of its long neck, it is one of Africa's most graceful and lovely animals.

The 77th Birthday of WINSTON CHURCHILL

The Prime Minister and Mrs. Churchill Seen together at No. 10, Downing Street

On November 30 Mr. Winston Churchill, the Prime Minister, celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday and gave a party for intimate friends at 10, Downing Street. In this birthday portrait the veteran leader is seen in one of the rooms at No. 10 in company with Mrs. Churchill. Mr. Churchill is the grandson of the seventh Duke of Marlborough and the elder son of Lord Randolph Churchill and of Jennie, daughter of Leonard Jerome, of New York. He was born at Blenheim Palace, Woodstock, Oxfordshire, and educated at Harrow. His father, concluding that his talents revealed to that date did not indicate that he would make good in the law, sent him to Sandhurst, and he was in due course gazetted to the 4th Hussars. That was in 1895; but his military career, though colourful and including participation in the charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman, came to an end four years later when he went into politics. Mr. Churchill's first Government post was in 1905, when Campbell-Bannerman made him Under-Secretary for the Colonies. In 1908 Mr. Churchill entered Mr. Asquith's Government as President of the Board of Trade, this being his first Cabinet post. In the same year Mr. Churchill married Clementine Hozier. He ends his book *My Early Life* with the words "... September 1908, when I married and lived happily ever afterwards." The Churchills have had five children Randolph, Diana (Mrs. Duncan Sandys), Sarah and Mary (Mrs. Christopher Soames), and a daughter who died in infancy. Mr. Churchill's assumption of the Premiership for the second time in his seventy-seventh year is not a record in parliamentary government, Mr. Gladstone having started his fourth and last administration at the ripe age of 83. In the fertility of their argumentative resource, in the copiousness of their rhetoric and in their degree of physical energy the comparison between the two statesmen is striking. The Squires of Hawarden and Chartwell will be remembered not least for their boundless vitality

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

Spain and Italy *for* Winter Sunshine

AND BY AIR TO THE CANARIES, SPAIN'S ISLAND POSSESSION IN THE ATLANTIC

WHEN winter comes to Britain, with its cold and damp and possibly fog, many people crave sunshine and warmth and brightness. A holiday, then, at this period, to the right kind of place, acts not only as a very effective bringer of happiness, but also proves such a wonderful tonic that upon returning home even work and present-day problems may be looked upon with almost a kindly eye.

So, for these sun-worshippers, what spots within easy reach are more delectable than Andalusia and its coast, the Italian Riviera, the Bay of Naples and the Sorrentine Peninsula, and Sicily—all places where you can be reasonably sure of sunshine, which is not always the case with many resorts that advertise the fact. And should you care to go a little farther afield in territorial Spain, there are the Canary Islands, where there is eternal spring.

Costs to-day naturally play an important part in the choice of a holiday abroad, and in this connection there is a considerable contrast between Spain and Italy, the latter, generally speaking, being twice as expensive as the former. As regards transportation expenses, those incurred in visiting Naples and Southern Spain are about the same; the Italian Riviera is somewhat cheaper, Sicily is dearer, and the Canary Islands even more so; but these charges are not, of course, deducted from your currency allowance.

THE GLORY OF AMALFI: This overhead view from the Convent of the Cappucines shows Amalfi's picturesque situation at the entrance to a deep ravine with the houses rising in terraces above the rocks. In the early part of the Middle Ages Amalfi was a prosperous seaport, rivalling Pisa and Genoa. To-day it is one of the loveliest of Italian resorts

THE SPANISH COAST NEAR MALAGA: Malaga itself is a pleasant winter resort, as also is Marbella, which lies about twenty-five miles away along the coast. Malaga can be reached by airline from Madrid.

A BY-WAY IN SEVILLE: The city is at its gayest at the Feria in April, when the cattle-men throng the city and the population give themselves up to merriment

In Andalusia, Seville and Marbella are my two first recommendations as winter resorts, with Cadiz and Granada as runners-up. Then, for the escapist there is Arcos de la Frontera, while in the adjoining province of Murcia there is Alicante, which has an ideal winter climate and is one of the driest places in Spain.

Of Seville, with its patios, its palms, its flowers and its lively people, it is hardly necessary to speak, for here is the very essence of Andalusia—a city out of a dream. Nor need I further commend Granada, last Moorish stronghold and one of the most interesting towns of Spain. In both these places there is accommodation to suit all purses.

Marbella, on the coast between Malaga (twenty-five miles) and Gibraltar (fifty miles), is an enchanting spot, where even in mid-winter you can enjoy sea-bathing and deep-sea fishing. Here, too, are a couple of excellent hotels: the Alhamar, beautifully situated and overlooking the sea, and the El Rodeo, providing the most attractive chalets for visitors. Historic Cadiz also offers in the Hotel Atlantico, with its own garden and affording beautiful views over the Atlantic, an ideal home for the comfort-loving lotus-eater.

I like Alicante very much (Palace and Victoria Hotels recommended), and it is off the beaten tourist-track. Some miles north along the coast is Calpe with its Parador del Ifach, a perfect holiday combination. Arcos de la Frontera (twenty miles east of Jerez, with which it is connected by bus) is a typical Andalusian village. There is no hotel, but the *fonda* (inn) offe a most hospitable welcome, is modest in cost, and quite adequate for those with simple tastes.

By far the quickest and most comfortable way reaching Southern Spain is to travel by air (B.E.A. Iberia Spanish Airlines) to Madrid or Gibralt (£50 and £66 return fare, respectively), according your ultimate destination. The cost is about the sam as for first-class rail travel all-in. From either of the two centres the remainder of your journey will l made by train and/or bus, although both Seville an Malaga can be reached by air from Madrid, but wit no saving of time. You can, in fact, leave Lond after breakfast and be in your resort 22-26 hou later. But with overland travel all the way—a rathe tedious journey—the time required is at least double Latest information about services, including by bus is best obtained from the Spanish Tourist Office 70, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

The Canaries.—Undoubtedly the Canary Island offer the finest winter climate of all. Of the seve inhabited islands, four—Gran Canaria, Tenerife, L Palma and Lanzarote—afford first-class hotel accor modation. Nature has been most kind to this pa t of Spain, and each island has its own individuality. Las Palmas and Tenerife can be reached by air (Iberi) in less than five hours from Madrid; while there are local air services between certain of the islands Aquila Airways, Ltd., also operate a shuttle servi between Madeira and Las Palmas. Then there are certain boats from Britain to South Africa which c at either Las Palmas or Tenerife. Information abo these islands can be obtained from the Spani Tourist Office.

The Italian Riviera.—There are many people who prefer the Italian Riviera to the Côte d'Azur, because the atmosphere and environment are more natural The winter sunshine, too, is far more reliable, and you are practically free from the mistral. Of the main resorts, San Remo, Bordighera and Nervi are my selection, and all have a wide range of hotels. These places, too, cater for British visitors, and there is a constant round of entertainments and interesting excursions. At San Remo gambling is permitted in the Casino, while at Nervi you are within easy reach of Genoa. Bordighera is best for those who like a quiet holiday.

There are various ways of reaching this part of the Italian coast, including travelling by air to Nice and Milan and thence by train or motor-coach. Some readers may be interested to know that economical *couchette* accommodation is available on the route Paris–Marseilles–Ventimiglia. There are also certain excursion facilities offered on the air service to Nice, as well as on the French Railways. For current information on all matters, it is advisable to apply to the Italian State Tourist Department, 201, Regent Street, London, W.1. There are information offices, too, in the three resorts mentioned.

Farther south I would take you to perhaps the most colourful corner of Italy: the Bay of Naples with its nearby Sorrentine Peninsula. I need hardly sing the charms of world-famous Capri, although I, personally, prefer nearby Ischia—the "Green Isle." While along the coast of the Sorrentine Peninsula there are those lovely spots, Positano, Amalfi and Ravello, all facing south and perfect sun-traps.

Gordon Cooper

The Lure of MADEIRA

AN ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND ISLAND PARADISE

FOR generations British holiday-makers have been attracted to the garden island paradise of Madeira, with its Atlantic breakers and enormous tropic moon.

To-day, this all-the-year-round resort—only a few hours from Britain by flying-boat and three days by sea—is more popular than ever.

When liners enter Funchal bay, they are besieged by shoals of small boats, each laden with its baskets of handicrafts and fruits. From the gunwales swarthy, black-haired boys gesticulate wildly for attention. For sixpence they will plunge into the foam-flecked waves. For a shilling they will fling themselves madly from the boat, swim rapidly under the liner, to emerge laughing and waving on the opposite side.

Funchal, the capital, spreads along the foreshore and straggles up the mountainsides. Its modern hotels, villas and picturesque buildings are a perfect combination of old and new. Flowering banks of rhododendron and azaleas abound everywhere. Jasmine, hibiscus, plumbago and bananas all grow in profusion, while English roses bloom in December.

Nature has indeed been lavish with her gifts to Madeira, and the atmosphere of warmth pervading the whole island is reflected in the charm and friendliness of its people.

Madeira's northern coast is formed by mighty cliffs rising from the Atlantic, and in the south, the headland of Cabo Girao towers to 2,000 ft.

The visitor seldom encounters a flat expanse on the island. The land is cultivated up and down the mountain slopes in a series of terraces clothed in the pale green of sugar-cane, the dark green of sweet potatoes and the yellow of ripening corn.

One of the sights of the island and a monument to human ingenuity are the ditches, or levadas, which irrigate the peasants' smallholdings. The levadas harness the waters in the mountains and carry them for miles along the edges of great ravines and gorges until they finally flow on to the peasants' plots.

For a few shillings even a currency-rationed Englishman can afford to be borne aloft in the hills in hammocks slung native-fashion to poles carried on brawny shoulders.

A favourite attraction to holiday-makers are the basket cars on sledges which seat two to four people. These " toboggans " are used for descending the steep slopes sweeping down to Funchal. Two men stand on a running board at the rear, propelling it along with one leg like a scooter until the car is on its steep downward run. Once the car is off, they limit themselves to guiding it with their feet.

In Funchal itself holiday-makers throng the hotels and basket bazaars, crowd the bathing rafts and fill the bullock-drawn sledges which glide along the pebbled streets. Now and then the driver will grease the runners by placing beneath them a long roll of sacking filled with tallow.

A familiar figure in the Funchal streets is the onion and garlic vendor. Across his shoulders he carries a large stick weighted down at each end with strings of onions swaying rhythmically as he plods on his way.

During the course of the centuries Madeira wine has cast its reputation for excellence throughout the world. The romance in a glass of Madeira comes straight from those sun-drenched, terraced hillsides where the grapes are so carefully nurtured. Tradition has it that the first vines were sent out to the colonists of Madeira by Prince Henry the Navigator, in 1460. They were brought from the already famous vineyards of Malavesi in Crete.

Madeira embroidery is famed the whole world over and few households do not possess some prized tablecloths, napkins, guest towels or pillow-cases. The work provides a substantial part of the income of many peasant families, for nearly all Madeira women and girls learn to do this fine work at home. Wicker-work is also an important industry and the baskets and furniture tempt visitors to buy them for souvenirs.

Funchal is the only town of any real proportion on the island, with its leading hotels fringing the outskirts. At Reid's and the New Avenue it is possible to pay part of the bill for accommodation and meals in sterling if the reservations are made in Britain. Visitors to Reid's, for example, need have only 30s. a day deducted from their basic currency allowance ; thus if a room is booked which costs £2 10s. a day, *en pension*, £1 a day can be paid in sterling.

Travel agents such as Thos. Cook and Son can give you full details of these special arrangements and also holidays at hotels and of travel between Britain and Madeira.

For more time on the island it is advisable to travel by air, although many holiday-makers will prefer the sea voyage.

Among the shipping companies, the Bergen Line runs circular trips to Madeira from Southampton throughout the winter in the S.S. *Venus*. Passengers usually disembark at Funchal and rejoin the ship when she calls on her next circuit ten or eleven days later.

Aquila Airways operate a flying-boat service from Southampton to Funchal once weekly in the summer, twice weekly in the winter.

Those wanting to know more about the island are advised to obtain a copy of *Power's Guide to the Island of Madeira* published by George Phillip and Son at 8s. 6d. This handy little volume is now in its fourth edition and contains first-class maps and also a series of suggestions for walking tours.

OVERLOOKING THE HARBOUR AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA : Reid's Palace Hotel stands in spacious grounds above the harbour and offers private sea-bathing throughout the year. At all times of the year the gardens are a blaze of colour. Reid's runs a private launch from incoming liners right up to the hotel landing-stage.

ONE OF THE HILLY STREETS OF FUNCHAL, THE CAPITAL OF MADEIRA : The mountainous nature of the island is such that some of the inhabitants have never left the ravine in which they were born. The people can often be seen carrying astonishingly heavy loads across the hills, the men using their shoulders and the women and children their heads. The main island of Madeira has an extreme length of 32 miles and an extreme breadth of 12½ miles. In shape it resembles the Isle of Man.

New Lamps and Old

CRADLE TO THE GRAVE REFLECTIONS

Some Milestones in the Path of Life

By JOHN GORE

ON GROWING OLD.—To most people, I believe, the advance of the years, growing old, is a shocking process. For I assume that most people set a quite high value on life and have a dislike of death, and do not desire to reach their milestones more rapidly than need be. The shocks start quite early in life and, if they grow in intensity with the years, remain constant and consistent in the element of surprise. The first shocks are not really painful, may be pleasurable indeed. This shocking business may start with a sudden realisation that one is a somebody, a person to be reckoned with and reasoned with, the possessor of a character which may influence another's actions. That is quite pleasant and it carries no hint of ultimate dissolution if, for example, you are required to bear-lead a new boy at your first school. The next shock may be the discovery that the private schoolboy's idea of old age is "grossly exaggerated." Mr. Jones, the fourth form master at St. Boniface, even now is not *senile*. He is going to marry quite a young girl of nineteen. His age, twenty-four, is not even middle-age! After that discovery, the last of childhood, one drifts into years of comparative discretion, which are more or less shockproof. The years pass, pleasantly and even profitably (we hope), but the milestones carry no nasty *memento mori* as yet. Why should they? Half a century is half eternity.

A shock may come in the twenties to the lucky one who discovers that a quite grown-up girl is prepared to entrust her fate to his keeping. (Good heavens, I must be growing up!) There is nothing unpleasant in that; if a little daunting, it is in the nature of a fearful joy. The years pass on and then, suddenly, the first "unpleasantness" accompanies the shock. Our young gentleman goes down to Eton for the Fourth, with his pretty wife, and the current captain of his old House addresses him as "Sir." And immediately the cock crows, the bell tolls for him. Yet still time is on his side; it is bitter-sweet and sweet more than bitter. For a decade more he is forearmed against surprise. He puffs a little more as he runs between wickets, but otherwise goes from strength to strength until . . . inexorably arrives the incident in the bus. A young person rises and offers him his (possibly even *her*) seat. And now the shock *hurts*, the bell which tolls is a passing bell.

Signs of Mortality.—The life assurance agent when he calls or writes to urge the prudence of insurance for old age and other eventualities presents statistics which make painful reading. Men in the late forties must not expect quite such favourable terms for "security" in old age. Middle age has encircled us. And then, soon enough, comes a tremendous (and yet by all accounts delightful) experience. The children marry and in due course present the first grandchild. One is a grandfather, as who should say an ancestor. What more can life offer in the way of surprise? Nothing perhaps quite so *shocking*. Still it *is* a shock to realise that, though you feel a great deal of the fire and vigour of youth (when the wind is not in the east), your fag at school is now a bishop and you are considerably senior in age to the new Lord Justice of Appeal. And life goes on . . . still in the late sixties you find you can do a long day's shooting and pull down the high pheasant with the best of them but . . . *the new Chancellor of the Exchequer is younger than your son.*

Thereafter come the Gaudy Day shocks, if I may call them so. Men in the sixties, who do not wish to be reminded of mortality and senile decay, are probably wise to resist the temptation to accept these invitations from their old colleges to meet in Hall and forgather with their contemporaries. For quite certainly if they do so, they will learn some ugly truths and recognise some disagreeable signs of mortality. The empty glass, for instance, must be turned down. Old Boffin, or dear old Jaggers, is not there. He has "passed on." We are ostriches, and dislike the words *death* and *dead*. We shy away from them like old Shallow: "All shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?"

And then again we discover some curious facts about the mentality of our successful contemporaries, for you may be sure that all the successful will accept the invitation. It comes as a surprise to us to discover how puerile still, how trivial, can be the minds of these grave seniors, judges, P.C.s, leading bankers, civil servants, industrialists. They exchange puerilities, giggle at the tales of "Old Grouse in the gun-room," show no signs of the *gravitas* of elder statesmen. Are they playing a part at a quinquennial masquerade, trying tactfully to put us lesser men at our ease? We wonder, and suspect it is not play-acting.

One more unpleasant shock Gaudy Day brings. The long dinner draws on, not without speeches, and we realise, alas! we are a gathering of old bores, egotists. The verbosity, the bromide, the commonplace, the repetition and the reminiscence of old age, have taken possession of us all. Some of these shocks are soon forgotten. *We* are still alive and fairly robust; we at least are still witty and pointful, have kept our sense of humour.

A Questionable Joke.—But one truth discovered on Gaudy Day remains and burns itself on our consciousness. The mind of the septuagenarian does not march towards the grave in step with his ageing body. That frightful bad joke, perpetrated by Mother Nature (the old Witch), plagues us and teases us all in our last decades. We are old and ugly, rheumy and stiff, but still we *think* and feel and react as young men. How we have smiled in our sleeve when we have watched old Charlie, that ruin of manhood, twisting his ragged moustache and cocking his hat, when a pretty girl stops to exchange a word with him at the pavilion rails at Lord's. But now (after Gaudy) we examine ourselves. Are we free from this ultimate absurdity? We are not. Still a pretty face, a graceful figure, can set our old hearts beating louder, still in spring a new waistcoat or necktie encourages us to try again and put faith in our personal charms. Still we pull out and play with the toys of youth, still we speculate on what others think of us and revel in a dewdrop, if one should drop on us. We may limp through the french windows on to the lawn on a lovely summer morning, but still it is with the heart and hope of a boy that we greet its beauty and infinite possibilities of high adventure. We know at last how best to use such a day, but we have lost the powers so to use them. *Si vieillesse pouvait . . . !* There never was so cruel a joke and there never will be again: "Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be."

No doubt in a world of infinite anxiety and intolerable stress and struggle, a long, long rest in silence and peace is desirable as an ideal. But, for all that, we shy away from that dreamless sleep and still shoulder our "fardels," still prefer to grunt and sweat under our heavy yoke.

> "So therefore, though myself be crosst,
> The shuddering of that dreadful day
> When friend and fire and home are lost,
> And even children drawn away
> The passer-by shall hear me still,
> A boy that sings on Duncton Hill."

A cracked tenor, a puffy delivery, but positively singing still a song of youth. Certainly that joke of Mother Nature's is either very bad or very good. It is safe enough to call it a questionable joke.

Thus have I treated this grave theme in a light-hearted and superficial manner as befits this periodical's "light article." Literature treats of it often in various degrees of solemnity, from the macabre to the melancholy, and sometimes with kindly and hopeful humour. You can choose. You have Enid Bagnold employing the macabre, the ridiculous and the ugly in *The Loved and Envied*; or Bennett, in *The Old Wives' Tale*, a record of workaday, everyday courage and patience and endurance, not wanting in reliefs; or Vita Sackville-West in *All Passion Spent*, writing in good humour, kindliness and optimism, backing the promise that "the best is yet to be." But your choice is wide and lies among even greater masters than these and of all races and tongues.

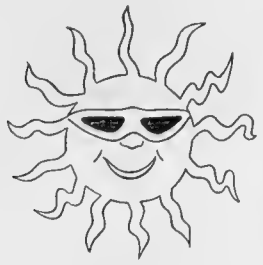
THE WESTMINSTER WAX EFFIGIES

PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO REPAIRS TO THE HEAD OF HENRY VII: Mr. Robert Howgrave-Graham at work in the Westminster Abbey library, where he is engaged in refurbishing some of the famous wax effigies. This particular effigy was once described by a visitor to the Abbey as being "the living image of a Welsh miner."

From earliest times the bodies of members of the British nobility were borne to the grave exposed to the witness of all subjects, the idea being to prevent pretenders from suddenly appearing at a later date and successfully claiming to be the dead personage. In the thirteenth century, probably at the funeral of Henry III, a wax effigy was, for the first time, substituted at a funeral for reasons of hygiene and convenience, and this practice persisted until the middle years of the eighteenth century. Of those early effigies few remain in existence, but Westminster Abbey has an unrivalled collection of them, one that is of the greatest value, as these figures are clothed in the garments once worn by the men and women they represent. More than that, some of them are reputed to be the most remarkable likenesses. The Abbey collection, which has been on view again this year after its war and post-war hibernation, is now being refurbished under the supervision of Mr. Robert Howgrave-Graham, the Deputy Keeper of Muniments.

REFITTING THE ARMS OF ANNE OF BOHEMIA: The Deputy Keeper of Muniments at work on one of the effigies now undergoing periodic overhaul after a season of being displayed to the public in the Norman Undercroft of Westminster Abbey.

FOUR IN A ROW: Mr. Robert Howgrave-Graham standing beside the heads of Anne of Bohemia, Henry VII, Anne of Denmark and Elizabeth of York. From time to time they have to undergo general refurbishing and beauty treatment, and Mr. Howgrave-Graham does this in the Westminster Abbey library.



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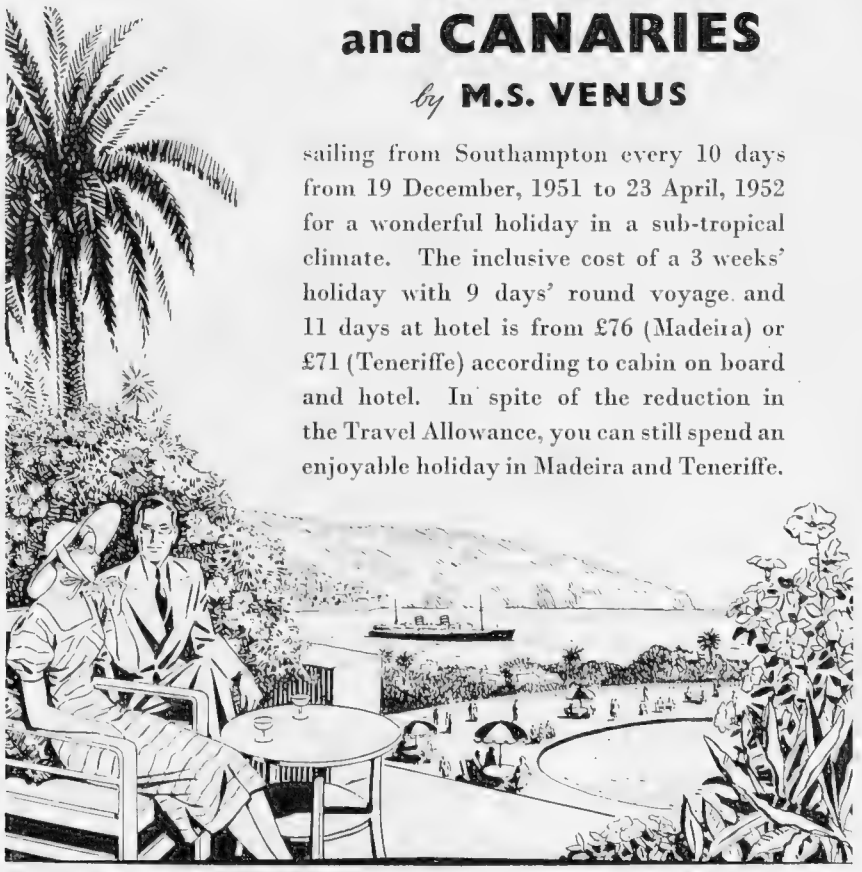

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

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The Remarkable Non-stop Productivity of Mazo de la Roche and Her Fictional Family

IN the eighteenth century someone said that there were men and women and Herveys, and in our own day we might add that there were novels and sagas and the Jalna books. Quite how Miss Mazo de la Roche keeps it up no one can tell, or usefully should, but the fact is that the newest of the chronicles of the Whiteoak family, those people who are so much more real to many of their readers than many acquaintances, is as fresh and as domestically-dramatic as any that were written ten years and more ago. And that is high praise, it should be explained to anyone who is not yet a Jalna fan. Or addict. I must confess that I am both, although, for the first two books, rather against my will.

RENNY'S DAUGHTER (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is eighteen years old, and named after that fabulous Adeline who came from Ireland to Canada, was married there to the first Whiteoak, who was an English officer, and lived to the age of 102. Young Adeline is her counterpart in pride and spirit and good looks, but we shall doubtless be able to count on several more volumes before we learn whether she is to be a runner-up to her ancestor in the matter of longevity. In fact, having taken a second look at the family tree, helpfully displayed on one of the first pages, I see that this may be beyond even the talents of Miss de la Roche, as her girlish heroine was born in 1930. The scene of this story, as always, is in one of the eastern provinces of Canada, and principally in the big, shabby, likeable country house that is Jalna itself.

THE GLORY OF THE ENGLISH ROSE: This is the frontispiece of one of the new and magnificent editions of Thornton's "Temple of Flora" (Collins), which is based on the original volume in the library of Eton College. The book has been printed in the Netherlands and is remarkable for fine letterpress printing and collotype reproduction. No other book of English flower illustration has quite the celebrity of "The Temple of Flora," and the publishers have done full justice to its importance in producing their two editions. There is an 8-guinea edition and a 15-guinea edition, the latter being limited to 250 copies and printed on Van Gelder mould-made paper, half-bound in acid-free Oasis Morocco.

Elizabeth Cadell is a writer to remember, for your book-list and for your own pleasure. Her new novel, THE GREENWOOD SHADY (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), is delightful; ironic, a little fantastic and beautifully balanced between the over acuity of female observation (a virtue which has its own drawbacks) and the genial tolerance of a writer who, on the whole, likes people even when they're silly. Because this is an essentially English story, it contains at least one eccentric, at least one dowdy woman and at least one comic character. It also contains a description of a local function which is not un-funny and far from inaccurate. I think that, for your less sensational reading, you might enjoy this.

OUT OF THE WHIRLWIND (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.) is that exasperating thing, a novel that is very nearly very good and yet misses it. Miss Audrey Erskine Lindop knows how to tell a story and tells a credible one here, but she has taken too long about it and her best points are lost in padding. The setting is good. First of all a nineteenth-century music-hall, and then a series of theatrical lodgings and very minor country houses. But what is missing is the necessary and, in fact, essential interest of the reader in the central personage.

It would be idle to suggest that Miss Sarah Campion's wonderful Australian novels fill one with any burning desire to visit the Antipodes, but they certainly do produce remarkable and distinguished reading matter. COME AGAIN (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) is a case in point. This novel is set in what seems to be the strange and harsh country of the outback, where the rare Great Wet brings lush prosperity and the frequent Dry, desolation and despair. It may not be a country to be hymned, but it has proved to be a country on which a very evocative writer can spend her talents. Not recommended to lovers of the cosy, but to those who appreciate an occasional strident note in a symphony.

Mr. John Dickson Carr's THE DEVIL IN VELVET (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is an excellent example of an author's holiday, which is distinct from the busman's kind in that authors write in their holidays, which is their form of hard work, whereas busmen are merely supposed to take a ride on another fellow's bus. It is obvious from this novel, half-way between a detective story and a Restoration piece, that Mr. Carr had done so much research in the period *any*way that it just seemed a shame not to use it up in the most popular way. A medium good book, meticulously and even pettifoggingly observed, is the result, with less murder than minutiæ, and with more authenticated detail than thrills. That is not to say that I didn't enjoy it. I did. But then I happen to think that Mr. J. D. Carr is almost as good a writer as Mr. Carter Dixon.

Lady Hester Stanhope was neither the first nor will be the last Englishwoman to travel and to settle down for life in the most foreign of parts, but she was certainly one of the most distinguished and eccentric. Generally one connects her name with travel rather than with romance, though it is known that she set out on the first stages of her journey with her English lover, one Michael Bruce. Now his great-grandson, Brigadier Ian Bruce, has found two old trunks containing bundles of letters, and these include eighty letters which passed between Lady Hester, Michael and Michael's father, Patrick Craufurd Bruce.

The discovery not only throws light on the relationship itself, but on part of the Napoleonic era, since the trunks also yielded relics of Michael Bruce's love-affairs with Lady Caroline Lamb and with the widow of Marshal Ney. These seem to have happened after his break with Lady Hester and after the final fall of Napoleon. There was also no less extraordinary a find than Napoleon's manuscript account of his Egyptian campaign and the story of how Bruce helped to save the life of the Marquis de Lavallette, but in the end it is the story of Lady Hester herself, living almost alone in her Syrian hamlet, that catches and holds our interest. THE NUN OF LEBANON (Collins. 21s.) may seem a paradoxical title, but it is taken from a line by which this granddaughter of Chatham and niece of Pitt described herself during the twenty-five years and more when she was living among the Arabs.

In his "epistle dedicatory" to SIR WALTER RALEIGH (Faber. 10s. 6d.), Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson writes that it must be remembered that Raleigh was a much hated man and that there have always been those, from his own lifetime till to-day, who, because of their enmity to him, have denied his greatness. But Mr. Williamson suffers from no such bias, as this book shows, and he writes about Raleigh as a sailor, a soldier and a courtier, but also as a great poet and a great historian, a scientist, a philosopher, an explorer and an administrator. If one book, in fact, can help to put the balance of opinion straight again, this is it.

THE QUEST OF THE SCHOONER ARGUS (Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.) is a story of adventure that Raleigh would appreciate, for it is an account of a present-day voyage from Portugal to the Grand Banks off Labrador, to Greenland and back to Lisbon, in a modern four-masted fishing schooner. Mr. Alan Villiers, who wrote the book and has illustrated it with his magnificent photographs, made the voyage on a Portuguese fishing vessel that was on its normal cod-fishing business.

Suggestions for Children's Christmas Books

For the Younger Children and up to about Twelve Years.—SNOW BUMBLE (*Collins.* 7s. 6d.), by Magdalen Eldon; THE LITTLE GIPSY (*Hutchinson.* 3s. 6d.), written and illustrated by Rosalie K. Fry; Enid Blyton's GAY STREET BOOK (*Latimer House,* 8s. 6d.); PRINCE CASPIAN, THE RETURN TO NARNIA (*Geoffrey Bles.* 10s. 6d.), by C. S. Lewis; WILLIE WITHOUT (*Faber and Faber.* 8s. 6d.), by Margaret Moore (illustrations by Nora S. Unwin); and the WUFF SNUFF AND TUFF ANNUAL (*Odhams Press.* 3s.), by Tim.

For those a Little Older.—THE ADVENTURES OF SO HI (*James Barrie.* 8s. 6d.), by Cynon Beaton-Jones; and Eleanor Farjeon's SILVER-SAND AND SNOW, a collection of her poems for children (*Michael Joseph.* 15s.).

For the B.B.C. Children's Hour Enthusiasts.—THE B.B.C. CHILDREN'S HOUR ANNUAL (*Burke.* 10s. 6d.), edited by Peggy Bacon and introduced by May E. Jenkin (Elizabeth); and MOLE'S CASTLE (*Falcon Press.* 8s. 6d.), by Elleston Trevor.

For the Older Children.—THE STORY OF THE CHRISTMAS CARD (*Odhams Press.* 3s. 6d.), by George Buday; VERONICA AT THE WELLS (*Evans Bros.* 8s. 6d.), by Lorna Hill; ISLE OF STRANGERS (*Collins.* 8s. 6d.), by Ralph Hammond and illustrated by Stephen Russ; MONSIEUR DEBONAIR (*Hutchinson's Historical Series.* 6s.), by Eric Leyland; GALLOWAY GAMBLE (*Macgibbon and Kee.* 9s. 6d.), by John Newsom; TELEVISION WORKS LIKE THIS (*Phoenix House.* 8s. 6d.), by Jeanne and Robert Bendick (the English Edition is prepared by John Swift) and illustrated with many line drawings; and THE WONDER BOOK OF THE R.A.F. (*Ward, Lock.* 12s. 6d.), which has hundreds of pictures

Fire and Feasting at Westminster Hall

The Dramatic Story of a National Shrine

Colonel Walter Elliot, M.P. for the Kelvingrove division of Glasgow, and at that time Director of Public Relations at the War Office, was returning to his house in Lord North Street, Westminster, on the night of May 10 and 11, 1941, after strenuous hours fighting incendiary bombs, when he learned from a passing policeman that the House of Commons was alight. Also in the grip of the flames was historic Westminster Hall, and how Colonel Elliot played his part in saving the hall, even though the vast angel beams were already beginning to smoulder, is not the least of the dramatic chapters in Hilary St. George Saunders's new volume WESTMINSTER HALL ((Michael Joseph. 21s.). The author, a former librarian of the House of Commons, writes with deep pride and knowledge of this famed building, the masterpiece of Henry Yevele, architect of Richard II, and of Hugh Herland, who gave it the great roof with its shields borne by angels and its mysterious shadows. He presents a pageant of English history as it has been enacted within these walls where kings have banqueted and lain in state, where one of them received sentence of death standing alone amid his enemies, and where many men in many walks of life have faced their judges. This building—set up by a Norman king as the first true Parliament of England, a Parliament convened by a Frenchman with an English heart—Simon de Montfort—is one of our greatest national shrines, and its rafters have echoed to the eloquence of William Wallace, Pym, Burke and Sheridan, and the ringing tones of the King's Champion. In every way the author has done justice to his mighty theme, and at the same time he has not neglected the moments of high comedy, as witness the coronation feast of George III, when famished ladies in the galleries received sustenance from their husbands on the floor of the hall via a long rope of handkerchiefs, and the feast ended in an undignified mass assault upon the tables by the spectators. Even the cutlery and the candlesticks vanished on that never-to-be-forgotten day.

Jeannette Mirsky has tackled the history of North America in a new way in her book THE WESTWARD CROSSINGS (Wingate. 21s.), in which she recounts the first three crossings of the continent, starting with Balboa, the Conquistador, who sought *gold for the crown,* continuing with Mackenzie, who sought *furs for the company* [the Hudson's Bay Company], and ending with Lewis and Clarke, who sought *commerce for the nation,* and in so doing transformed the dream of Thomas Jefferson into reality. Miss Mirsky shows, with skill and erudition, how these three episodes in trail blazing, each occurring at widely different times, really make one story—the penetration of the continent—and how they are indeed tied by a solid line of continuous development.

For the politically-minded here are two new companion volumes by experts on foreign affairs. John Fischer writes on AMERICA'S MASTER PLAN (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.), taking us behind the scenes in Washington to see the foreign policy makers in action. Stephen Graham presents SUMMING UP ON RUSSIA (Ernest Benn. 18s.), a volume based upon a lifetime of experience in Eastern European affairs. Mr. Graham's book is essentially fair, and he lets it be known what he considers to be admirable features in modern Russia. Mr. Fischer in his concluding pages rather deserts his theme, switching the reader disconcertingly from the American to the Russian scene. He is full of wishful thinking, giving consideration to problematical points regarding the break-up of Russia from within.

J. H. Fingleton, a brilliant cricketer in his playing days and now a sports writer with a big following, has in BROWN AND COMPANY (Collins. 12s. 6d.) written an authoritative account of the M.C.C. tour in Australia in 1950-51. How F. R. Brown, at the age of forty, led what had been described as a woefully weak side, winning one Test and all but winning the rubber, is now part of cricket history. Mr. Fingleton shows what a mighty part Brown played in this unlooked-for success by run-making, wicket-taking, good leadership and outstanding pluck. He concludes with some thoughtful remarks on the immediate outlook in Australian cricket which he seems to think has passed the high-tide of its modern-day successes.

In BERNARD SPILSBURY: HIS LIFE AND CASES (Harrap. 21s.), Douglas G. Browne and E. V. Tullett tell the story of the gifted pathologist who is remembered by so many as "the first great medical detective," a legendary figure who helped to bring retribution to scores of notorious murderers. Mr. W. B. Purchase, of St. Pancras Coroner's Court, pays tribute to Sir Bernard in his introduction. He describes him as a man of talent and honesty of purpose who had no room for half-truths.

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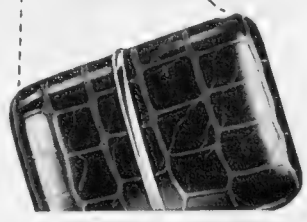

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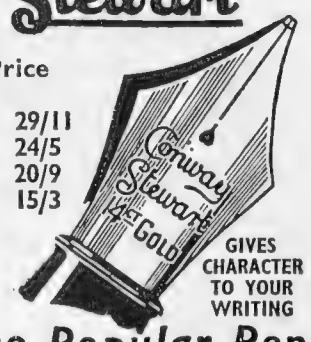

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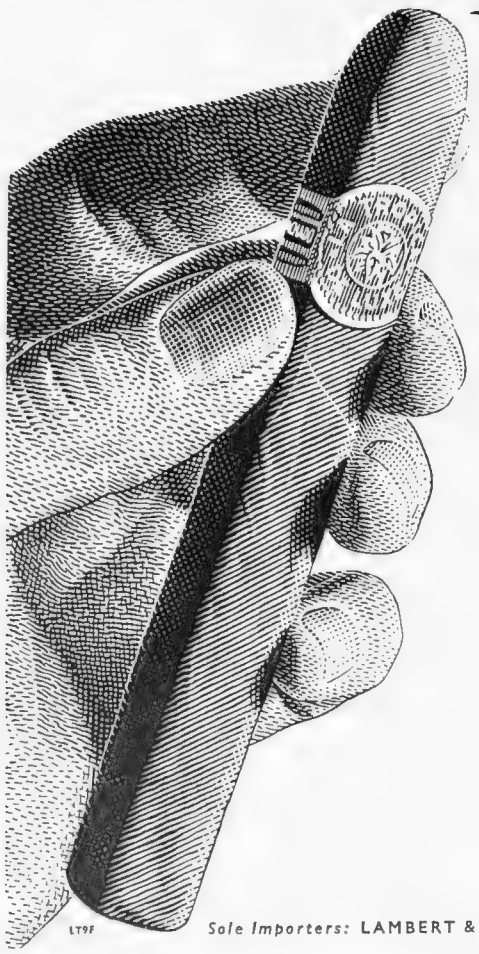

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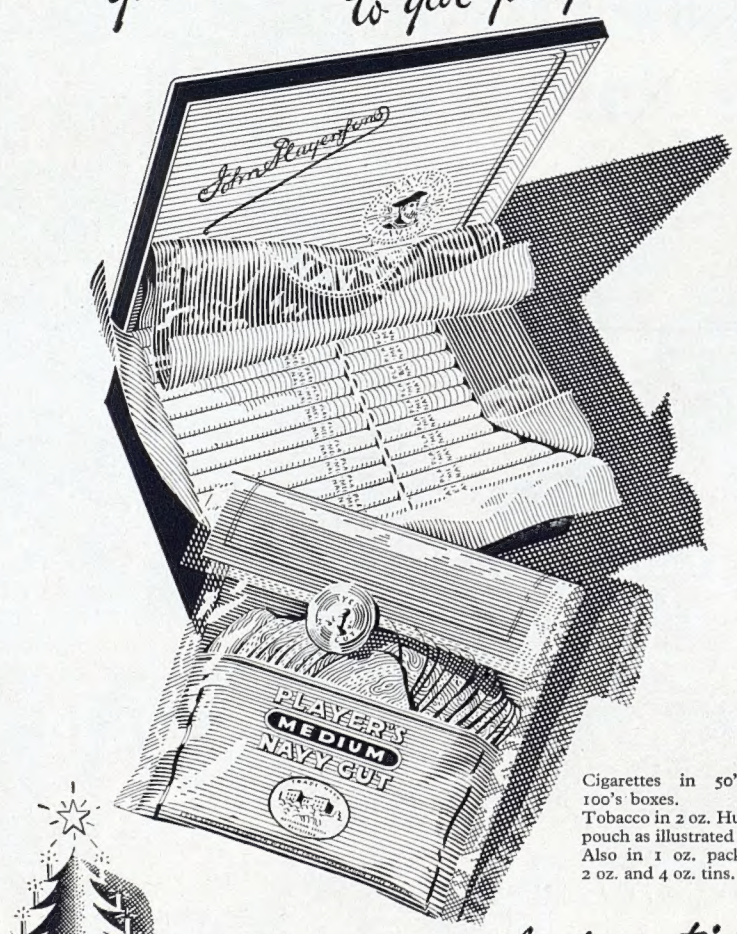

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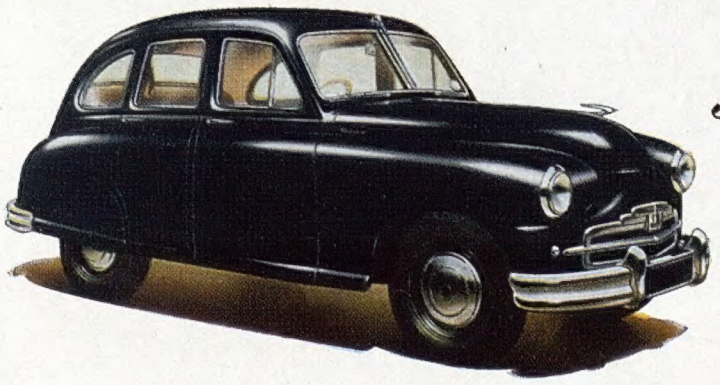

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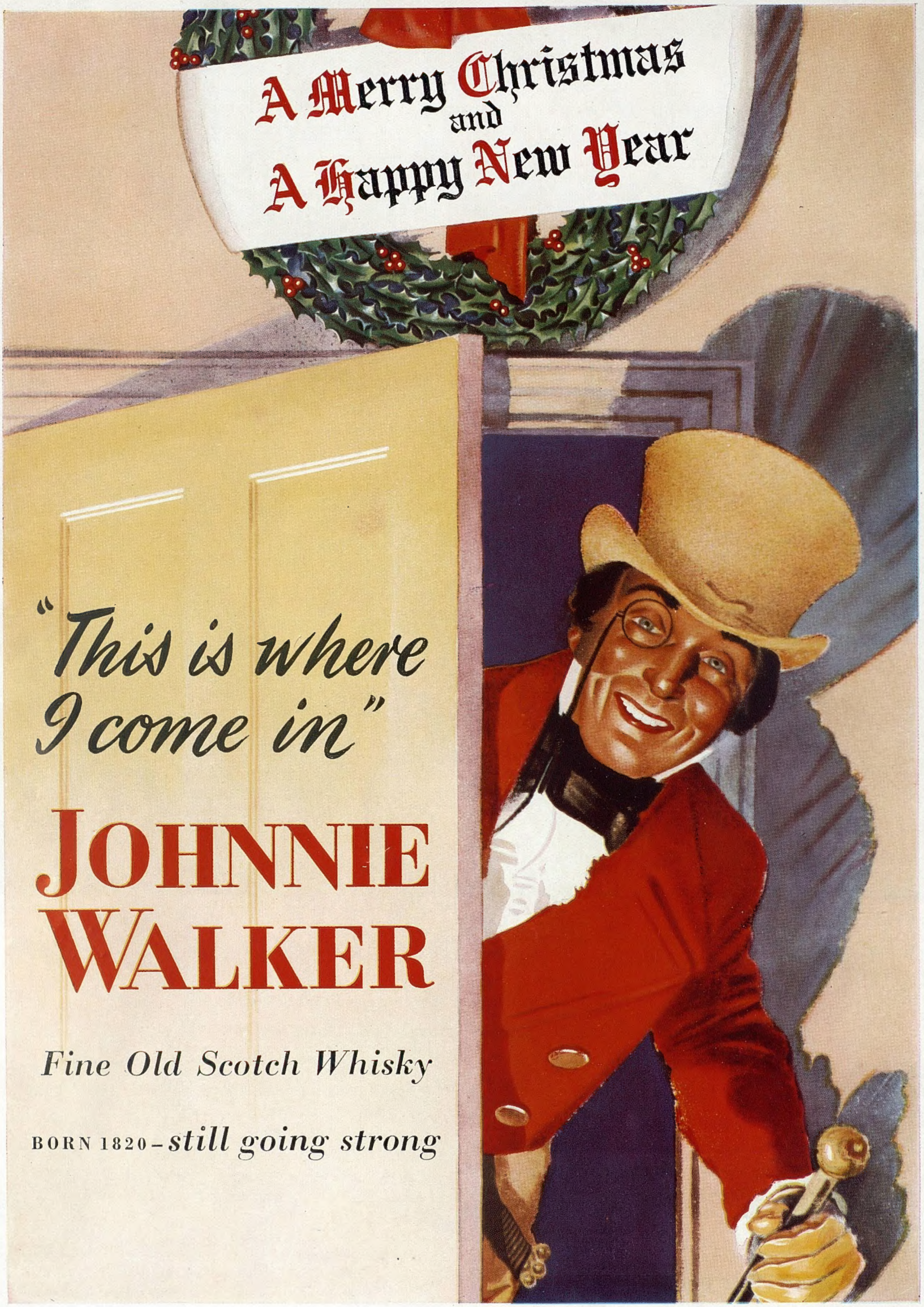

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